



WHITE STREAK



THE CADET



CHAMELEON

November



# TARGET

10¢

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A  
R  
G  
E  
T



Like a human juggernaut, the TARGET crashed through the window and pounced upon the conspirators!

Vol. 2  
No. 9





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

\$1<sup>00</sup>

FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED

\$1<sup>00</sup>

Dear Readers:

With the exception of Fred Fortin's letter we have practically dedicated Ye Editors' Page for this issue to our girl readers, as you will note below. Many excellent letters are received from girls, but they are considerably outnumbered by the letters received from boys. We are delighted with the response from girls as well as from boys and take this means of thanking them for their constructive help on TARGET.

Cordially,  
The Editors

Dear Sirs:

TARGET COMICS are my favorite comics, and I read them every month. The only thing that I think could be improved is the cover. I think for one thing that the cover is too spotty, and that one or two solid pictures would really look much nicer. My mother is an artist and she says this would improve the cover a lot.

Sincerely yours,  
Helen Stevenson  
Springdale, Connecticut

—(We appreciate your constructive criticism, Helen, on the cover of TARGET and agree that from an artistic standpoint you may be right. Upon requests from many readers, however, we try to tell a story on the cover which is related to a story in the magazine which might account for the spottiness.)

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

TARGET and BLUE BOLT are my favorites. The character "Spacehawk" is a little too fantastic in the opinion of my friends and me. Many letters have been written about this but he still continues to do things too impossible to imagine. Other than that I think TARGET is a grand magazine.

I have tried many comic books, but I always come back to TARGET and BLUE BOLT.

Jacquelyn James  
Monroe, Louisiana

—(Thank you, Jacquelyn, for your praise and criticism. At our readers' request we took the horror out of "Spacehawk" but left in the fantastic parts since that is the type of character the majority want.)

\* \* \*

Dear Gentlemen:

The July issue is the first I have ever read of TARGET. I never before was interested in comics, but TARGET changed my opinion. From now on, I will be a monthly reader of this magazine.

"The Cadet" is one of my favorites. It has, as you have already said, action, adventure, and thrills. And as for the "Target and The Targeteers" it never loses my interest. Nothing in the

whole book is boring. "The Chameleon" really and truly could happen in every day life. Nothing in it is fantastic or unreal.

Fleurette Rabatin  
Homer City, Pennsylvania

—(It is very gratifying to the editors, Fleurette, to receive so many letters such as yours from people not interested in comics until they read TARGET.)

\* \* \*

Gentlemen:

In the last issue of TARGET I noticed an article on the Editors' Page about the illustrations of the airplanes in "Lucky Byrd". I agree with the writer of this letter who complained that some planes are not drawn correctly. That is, they do not look like the planes they are supposed to represent.

Another fault I find is that they are mostly all of the same type. I believe that if there was greater attention paid to technical detail the story would be more realistic.

Yours truly,  
Fred Fortin  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

—(We have already taken this up with our artists, Fred, who really know something about planes, and I am sure that you will find no criticism in the future.)

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading the August issue of TARGET. It is swell, and may I say that I especially like "The Cadet". My main reason for liking it is because it is so much more realistic than the others. And Art Gates, the artist, certainly paints a handsome picture of Kit — not to mention "Spacehawk" and the beautiful girls in "Target and The Targeteers."

Well, I have had my say so I will close with the hope that TARGET COMICS will go on for many years.

Yours very truly,  
Ruth Shee  
Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania

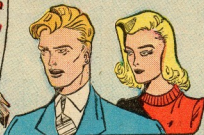
—(We like to hear that you notice and appreciate the different artists' work.)

ONE DOLLAR WILL BE SENT TO THE WRITER OF EACH LETTER PUBLISHED ON YE EDITORS' PAGE.  
ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.



# THE TARGET and the

# TARGETEERS



A FULL LENGTH FEATURE  
STARRING THE THREE TARGETS

A SCOOP THAT ISN'T A SCOOP PLUNGES A YOUNG NEWSREEL REPORTER INTO THE MIDDLE OF A PLOT TO HIJACK MEDICAL SUPPLIES, FOR BRITAIN...AND LAUNCHES THE TARGETEERS ON AN ADVENTURE MORE THRILLING THAN ANY EVER FILMED.

by SID GREENE

A Marble River Scan

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ELEVEN IN THE MORNING AT NILES REED'S APARTMENT....

SAY, DAVE, SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR, WILL YOU PLEASE?

HEY, IF ANY OF YOU GUYS WANT EGGS FOR BREAKFAST, LET ME KNOW. I'M BOILING THE WATER.

SURE, NILES.

WELL! BOB NORTH, AREN'T YOU WORKING TODAY, OR DID YOU GET THE DAY OFF?

YEAH, DAVE, I'M OFF. OFF FOR GOOD!



DON'T TELL ME YOU LOST YOUR JOB, BOB!

YEAH, YEAH, AW, BUT IT'S MY OWN FAULT, TOM.

GOSH, WHATTA YOU GOING TO TELL YOUR WIFE?

THAT'S WHAT'S BOTHERING ME. WE'VE BEEN MARRIED THREE WEEKS AND NOW I HAVE TO GO NEXT DOOR AND TELL HER THIS!

--TELL YOU WHAT, BOB. I'LL GET YOUR WIFE AND YOU'LL TELL US ALL WHAT HAPPENED. I'LL GIVE YOU MORAL SUPPORT!



DARLING, MR. REED SAID YOU WERE HERE. WHAT HAPPENED? DID THE BOSS GIVE YOU THE DAY OFF, OR DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?

NO, NO HONEY, NOTHING LIKE THAT. I WAS "CANNED", FIRED. IN FACT I LOST MY JOB!

OH DARLING, YOU DIDN'T!

YES I DID. LOOK, I'LL TELL YOU HOW IT HAPPENED.

A CALL COMES INTO THE OFFICE THAT A BIG FIRE IS RAGING ON CLARION STREET AND THE BOSS SENDS ME OUT TO FILM IT! IT'S A SURE SCOOP!





"BOY, WHAT A BLAZE THAT WAS! THE BOYS IN THE TRUCK DOWNSTAIRS WERE MAKING A SOUND TRACK ON FILM WHILE I WAS PHOTOGRAPHING THE WHOLE THING. NO OTHER NEWSREEL MAN WAS AROUND AND I HAD A SURE SCOOP OF THIS THRILLING EVENT."

"WHEN I GOT BACK TO THE OFFICE, GINSBERG, THAT'S MY BOSS, BOY, HE WAS HAPPY AS A LARK! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM....."

BOBBY, MINE BOY, I COULD KISSING YOU! QUICK GIFF ME DE CAMERA VELL GET DE FILLUMS DEVELOPED!

O.K. HERE MR. GINSBERG TELL 'EM TO DO A GOOD JOB!

"IN A FEW SECONDS, HE COMES BACK, MAD AS THE DEVIL. BOY, WAS HE SORE. HE HANDS ME MY CAMERA AND....."

GET OUT! YOU BUMMER, YOU LOAFER, YOU! YOU BIG DUMBBELL GET OUT FROM HERE. YOU IS FIRED!

B-B-BUT MR. GINSBERG, WHY WHAT'S THE MATTER?

BUT DARLING, WHY DID HE FIRE YOU?

YEAH, BOB, THERE MUST BE A REASON

WELL, PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK-I FORGOT TO LOAD THE CAMERA WITH FILM!

AW, DON'T WORRY, DEAR, TONIGHT WE'LL GO OUT AND CELEBRATE. ALL RIGHT?

O.K. HONEY, WE WILL.

SURE, FORGET IT. BOB'LL GET ANOTHER JOB!

OF COURSE HE WILL, MR. REED.

O.K. LINDA, TONIGHT WE'LL HAVE A SWELL TIME.

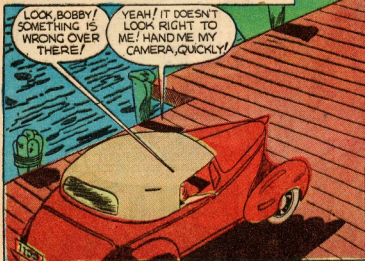


**T**HAT NIGHT AFTER A DAY TIME WAS  
HAD BY MR. AND MRS. NORTH...



DARLING, LET'S NOT  
GO HOME YET, LET'S  
DRIVE DOWN TO THE  
PIER AND LOOK AT  
THE RIVER.

ALL RIGHT, DEAR.  
THE MOON MUST  
BE BEAUTIFUL,  
SHINING ON THE RIVER.



LOOK, BOBBY!  
SOMETHING IS  
WRONG OVER  
THERE!

YEAH! IT DOESN'T  
LOOK RIGHT TO  
ME! HAND ME MY  
CAMERA, QUICKLY!

**S**INISTER EYES OBSERVE  
BOB AND LINDA  
NORTH.



FATHER! FATHER,  
SOMEONE IS ....  
BUT ... FA...

QUIET, FOOL!  
WE GOT WORK!  
KEEP MOTOR  
LUNNING!

**A**S THEIR CAR COMES TO A STOP IN THE  
SHADOWS OF THE DOCKS, A STRANGE SIGHT ATTRACTS  
LINDA NORTH'S ATTENTION.....



HULLY! HULLY!  
GET STUFF IN  
CAR! FAST!

O.K. BOSS, BUT  
DESE GUYS ARE  
PUTTIN' UP A  
FIGHT!

SLUG 'EM!  
KNOCK 'EM  
DEAD! WE  
GOTTA WORK  
FAST!

HURRY, PUT THOSE  
BUNDLES IN THE CAR!

O.K. BUT I GOTTA  
GET RID O' THESE  
GUYS! THEY STILL  
WANNA STOP US!



ONE THING  
I'M SURE OF-  
I GOT FILM  
IN THIS  
CAMERA!



**T**HE ORIENTAL  
WOMAN FINALLY  
PERSUADES A  
FEW MEN TO  
LISTEN TO HER,  
AND BOB AND  
LINDA ARE  
BROUGHT TO  
THEIR  
ATTENTION.







**S**TEPPING ON THE GAS, BOB SURGES PAST HIS WOULD-BE ABDUCTORS.



**A** FEW BLOCKS AWAY, THE NORTH'S CAR COMES TO A STOP.





**A**FTER A HALF HOUR DRIVE, BOB FOLLOWS THE ORIENTAL'S CAR DOWN A COUNTRY ROAD, WHERE IT COMES TO A STOP.....

THEY'RE SLOWING UP. I BETTER STOP HERE AND FOLLOW 'EM ON FOOT!



**W**ALKING A SHORT DISTANCE FROM HIS PARKED CAR, BOB COMES UPON THE STRANGERS' CAR, PARKED BEHIND A TREE NEAR AN OLD HOUSE.....

HM-Mmm THIS IS THEIR HIDEOUT, ALL RIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK IN SOMEHOW!



HOPE THEY DON'T HEAR ME! UMPH, THESE WINDOWS STICK LIKE GLUE!



AH, I HEAR VOICES! THEY'RE IN THE NEXT ROOM!



BOY, LUCKY THING THIS WALL IS OLD! HOPE I CAN GET THE LENS OF MY CAMERA THROUGH THIS HOLE!



AHA! THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES FOR ENGLAND. BUT THEY'LL NEVER GET TO ENGLAND. HA, HA!

RIGHT! OUR COUNTRY CAN USE THE MONEY BETTER...FOR ESPIONAGE IN AMERICA!



BOY, OH, BOY! OH BOY, HOW I WISH I HAD MY SOUND CREW HERE!



FATHER! LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR THAT BUZZ?

YES! SOMEBODY IN OTHER ROOM. GO GET HIM!



**B**OB BATTLES HIS ASSAILANTS, AS THEY TRY TO SUBDUE HIM.





SO! YOU THOUGHT  
YOU COULD SNEAK  
ON US AND GET  
AWAY EH?

SHOULD I KILL  
HIM NOW,  
CHIEF?

FATHER, WAIT! THAT'S  
THE ONE WHO WAS TAKING  
PICTURES AND THERE'S A  
CAMERA ON THE FLOOR!

AH GOOD, BUGGSO,  
DEVELOP FILMS IN  
DARK LOOM. THEN WE  
TAKE CARE OF HIM.

O.K. CHIEF.  
WATCH  
HIM!

15 MINUTES LATER.

HEY CHIEF,  
THE ROBBERY AINT  
ON DESE FILMS!

WHERE ARE  
THOSE FILMS?  
TELL ME!

WOULDN'T  
YOU LIKE  
TO KNOW!

BE STUBBLON  
EH? TAKE  
CARE OF  
HIM!

A SEVERE BEATING IS ADMINISTERED TO BOB AND STILL HE REFUSES TO DIVULGE THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE FILM.

HA, HA! THAT  
WOULD BE FAIR! AND  
WE DON'T PLAY FAIR!

YOU RATS! I'LL  
FIGHT YOU ONE  
AT A TIME!

TIE HIM TO THAT  
CHAIR. WE'LL GIVE HIM  
ANOTHER GOING OVER  
IN A FEW MINUTES.

TSUTSUKI, YOU  
CAN LEAD ENGL-  
LISH. HERE IS  
HIS WALLET SEE  
WHAT IS INSIDE.

AH! SO THE  
BRAVE AMERICAN  
HAS A WIFE! AND HIS  
HOME ADDRESS.  
H-M-Mmmmm

YOU DIRTY-LEAVE  
MY WIFE OUTTA  
THIS! YOU RATS!

HA, HA! THE PROUD  
ONE SQUIRMS.  
FATHER, SEND TWO  
MEN TO GET  
HIS WIFE!

MEANWHILE, MRS. NORTH, WOR-  
RIED ABOUT HER HUSBAND'S FAI-  
LURE TO RETURN HOME, CONSULTS  
NILES REED.

AND HE HASN'T  
RETURNED YET,  
MRS. NORTH?

NO, MR.  
REED,  
AND I'M SO  
WORRIED





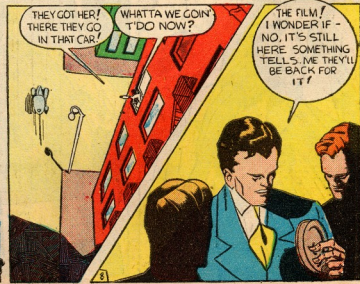
**N**ILES TAKES LINDA NORTH TO HER APARTMENT AND OFFERS HIS ADVICE.



**B**ACK IN HIS OWN APARTMENT, NILES SPEAKS TO DAVE AND TOM.



**T**WO HOURS LATER, AS MRS. NORTH SITS IN HER APARTMENT WAITING FOR HER HUSBAND TO RETURN, TWO SINISTER FIGURES STEAL INTO HER APARTMENT...





LINDA IS BROUGHT TO THE HIDEOUT.

HERE SHE IS, CHIEF

HA/HA! GOOD!



TIE HER TO THAT TABLE AND BEAT HER TILL HE TALKS!

I WON'T TELL THEM, BOB! I WON'T!



PLEASE LINDA, TELL 'EM WHERE THE FILM IS, PLEASE!

ALL RIGHT, BOB, I'M DOING IT ONLY FOR YOU. OH-H-H MY BACK.



BACK AT THE NORTH'S APARTMENT...

PUT THE BLANK FILM IN PLACE OF THE USED FILM?

O.K. NILES, NOW I HOPE THEY COME.

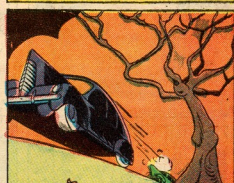


IN A SHORT WHILE .....

HERE THEY COME BOYS, QUIET!



THE TWO MEN, AFTER STEALING THE SUPPOSEDLY USED FILM, SPEED AWAY IN THEIR CAR WITH THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS ON THEIR TRAIL .....



TOM, GIVE THE CAMERA TO BOB NORTH. TELL HIM TO USE IT WHILE DAVE AND I GO INTO ACTION.

O.K. LOOK! THEY'RE STOPPING!



INSIDE THE HIDEOUT...

WE GOT IT, CHIEF!

GOOD GOOD! VELLY GOOD.



SUDDENLY

IT ISN'T AS GOOD AS YOU THINK!

WHAT? WHO?!!

STOP 'EM! STOP 'EM!



UNTIE THE CAMERAMAN!

O.K. TARGET!

FATHER USE A GUN! A GUN!





THE BATTLE CONTINUES WITH THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS GAINING THE UPPER HAND.....



THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS COMPLETE THEIR WORK IN A SHORT WHILE...

WE'RE LEAVING NOW! YOU GET THE POLICE!

O.K.! THANKS.

THE NEXT DAY....



LOOK AT THIS NILES OFFERS FOR A FLOCK OF JOBS AND I WOVE IT ALL TO THE TARGET!

YOU SURE DO. I WONDER WHO THE TARGET IS?

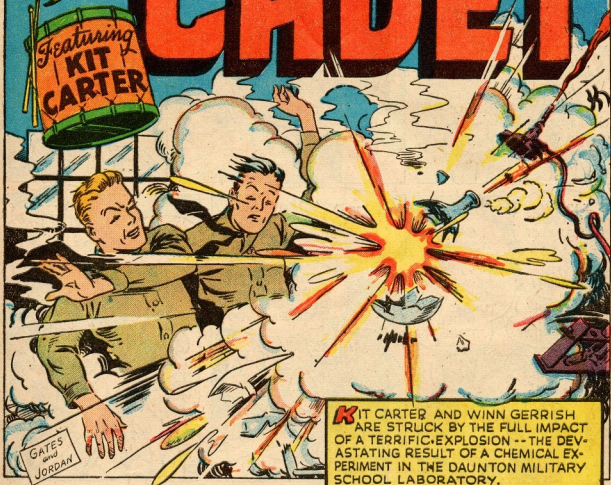


THERE'LL BE A THRILLING TARGET ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS.





# The CADET



**K**IT CARTER AND WINN GERRISH ARE STRUCK BY THE FULL IMPACT OF A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION -- THE DEVASTATING RESULT OF A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT IN THE DAUNTON MILITARY SCHOOL LABORATORY.



WINN!! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?? --- OH! --- I'VE GOT TO GET HELP!



ATTRACTED BY THE EXPLOSION, SEVERAL CADETS RUSH TO KIT'S ASSISTANCE.

QUICK!  
--- TO THE INFIRMARY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, WON'T HE, DOCTOR?

I'M AFRAID HE'S HURT PRETTY BADLY, MY BOY!









THE SERUM --  
GIVE IT  
TO ME!

WHAT  
THE--!



MASKED, EH?--  
GIVE ME  
THAT  
CLUB!

I'LL  
GIVE IT  
TO YOU,  
ALL RIGHT!

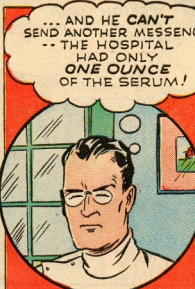


BAM!



IF HE DOESN'T  
COME SOON, IT'LL  
BE TOO LATE!

I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE  
HE CAN  
BE!



... AND HE **CAN'T**  
SEND ANOTHER MESSENGER!  
-- THE HOSPITAL  
HAD ONLY  
**ONE OUNCE**  
OF THE SERUM!



CARTER, THE  
SERUM, **QUICK!**

WHAT'S  
WRONG, LAD--  
YOU HURT?



SOMEONE TRIED TO  
GET IT, BUT IT DIDN'T  
OCCUR TO HIM TO LOOK  
IN THE **BULLET  
BELT!**



W-WILL WINN BE  
ALL RIGHT?

THERE'S  
A CHANCE!  
NOW YOU'D BETTER  
GET THAT CUT  
FIXED UP!

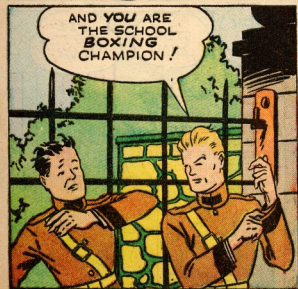
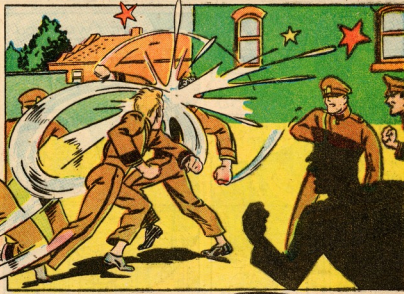


**A** LITTLE LATER - KIT  
IS REENACTING HIS  
ASSAULT.

YOU DIDN'T  
RECOGNIZE  
HIM AT  
ALL?

NO--- BUT  
I REMEMBER  
HE HELD THE  
CLUB IN HIS  
LEFT HAND







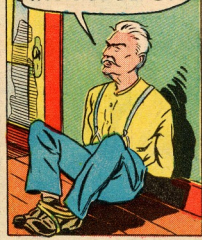




QUICKLY THE JANITOR IS OVERCOME ...



YES, GERRISH! .. AND A FEW MINUTES MORE AND YOUR SON WOULD BE DEAD!



YOU RUINED ME ONCE WHEN I WAS YOUR PARTNER --- I WANTED TO RUIN YOU IN A WAY THAT WOULD HURT MORE!



HE'S TOLD EVERYONE ON THE CAMPUS YOU ARE A CROOK, DAD. IT ISN'T TRUE, IS IT?



**K**IT APOLOGIZES TO KEN MARTIN ...



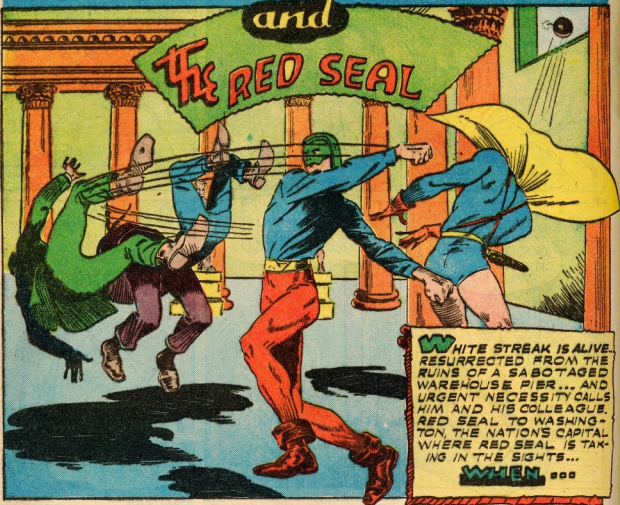
GOSH--I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T KNOW!



**KIT** WILL BE BACK NEXT MONTH WITH A BRAND-NEW ADVENTURE!

# the WHITE STREAK

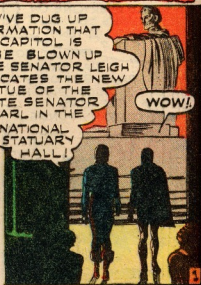
## and the RED SEAL



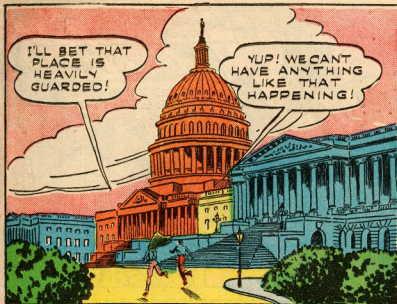
I BROKE THE NEWS TO HOGARTH ... F.B.I. LEADER THAT I'M STILL IN CIRCULATION! WAS HE GLAD! HOWEVER HE HAD STARTLING NEWS FOR ME!



THEY'VE DUG UP INFORMATION THAT THE CAPITAL IS TO BE BLOWN UP WHILE SENATOR LEIGH DEDICATES THE NEW STATUE OF THE LATE SENATOR BARL IN THE NATIONAL STATUARY HALL!







I'LL BET THAT PLACE IS HEAVILY GUARDED!

YUP! WE CAN'T HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THAT HAPPENING!

I HAVE TO SEE HOGARTH IN THERE! YOU HOLD THE FORT OUT HERE!

RIGHT!



HMM... THAT MUST BE SENATOR BARL'S STATUE THAT GUARD IS WATCHING!

THE RED SEAL CONVERSES WITH THE GUARD...

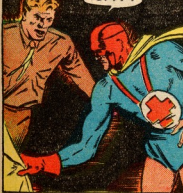
SO THIS IS SENATOR BARL'S STATUE?

YEA! WHY?



INNOCENTLY, RED SEAL TRIES TO STEAL A PREVIEW GLIMPSE...

HEY... MIND IF I TAKE A LOOK? SAY!



...BUT THE GUARD SEEMS ANXIOUS THAT RED SEAL DOES NOT LOOK!

WHA... KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF THIS!



HEY! YOU'RE NO REGULAR GUARD... AND THAT STATUE...



QUIET!



YOU'RE A PHONEY!  
THE REAL---

Then...

OH!



THIS'LL SHUT  
YOUR MOUTH!

WASHINGTON POLICEMAN  
COMES FORWARD...



SAY... WHAT'S THIS  
ALL ABOUT?

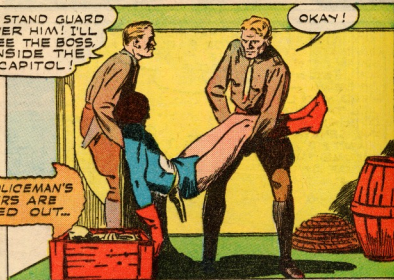
WE'RE GUARDING THIS  
STATUE, WHEN THAT  
NUT TRIES TO TURN  
IT OVER!



A CRACKPOT, EH?  
PUT HIM IN THE REAR  
OF THE TRUCK! I'LL  
TAKE HIM IN, AFTER  
THE DEDIC-  
CATION!

YOU STAND GUARD  
OVER HIM! I'LL  
SEE THE BOSS,  
INSIDE THE  
CAPITOL!

THE POLICEMAN'S  
ORDERS ARE  
CARRIED OUT...

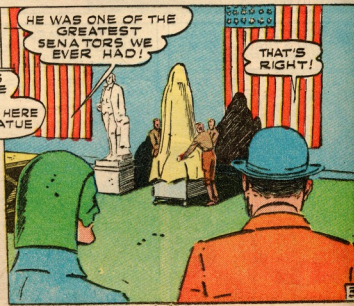


OKAY!



WELL, LOOKS  
LIKE EVERYTHING  
IS SET!

YES! GUARDS  
PLACED! THE  
BUILDING IS  
SEARCHED, AND HERE  
COMES THE STATUE  
NOW!



HE WAS ONE OF THE  
GREATEST  
SENATORS WE  
EVER HAD!

THAT'S  
RIGHT!



THE DEDICATION CEREMONY STARTS OFF WITH SENATOR LEIGH MAKING A SPEECH...



MY FRIENDS,  
TODAY WE  
ARE GATHERED...

WHILE THE SPEECH IS  
IN PROGRESS...



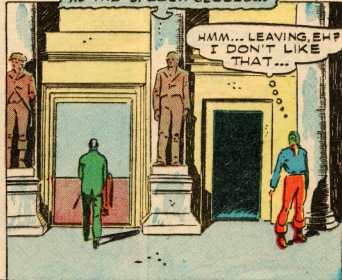
LOOK HOGARTH!  
WHO IS THAT  
GUY? HE  
SEEMS TO  
BE VERY  
NERVOUS!

THAT'S ODD...WHAT  
WOULD HE BE  
DOING HERE?

AS THE SPEECH CLOSES...



HE'S JOSEPH  
GELD. SENATOR  
LEIGH HAS  
ACCUSED HIM  
OF BEING THE  
HEAD MAN OF  
ALL THE SAB-  
OTEURS, BUT  
THE SENATOR  
CAN'T GET  
DOCUMENTARY  
PROOF OF  
HIS GUILT!



HMM... LEAVING, EH?  
I DON'T LIKE  
THAT...

GOT TO GET OUT...  
AND QUICK!



SEEMS TO BE  
IN QUITE A  
HURRY,  
TOO!



NOT SO FAST...  
MR. GELD!

WHA...? HEY,  
LET GO!

MEANTHILE... IN THE REAR  
OF A TRUCK OUTSIDE...

OW! WHERE AM I? SAY!  
I'VE GOT TO GET  
OUT OF HERE  
BEFORE...



HMM... SO THEY'VE PUT  
A GUARD OVER ME!  
A PHONEY GUARD!



THIS PIECE OF ROPE THEY  
USED TO KEEP THE  
STATUE FROM ROCK-  
ING SHOULD DO!



RED SEAL TURNS COWBOY...

ULP!

COME TO  
PAPA!

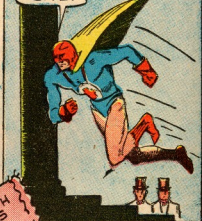
INTO STATUARY HALL...

RED SEAL DOES A NEAT  
JOB OF TYING...



...AND THEN, UP THE CAPITOL  
STEPS HE BOUNDS...

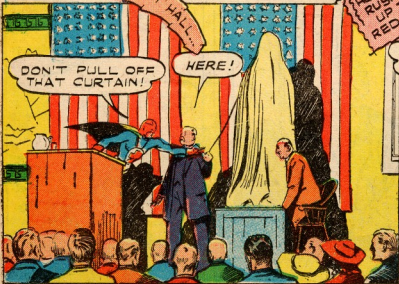
C'MON LEGS!  
GIVE!



HOGARTH  
RUSHES  
UP TO  
RED SEAL!

DON'T PULL OFF  
THAT CURTAIN!

HERE!

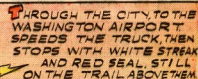
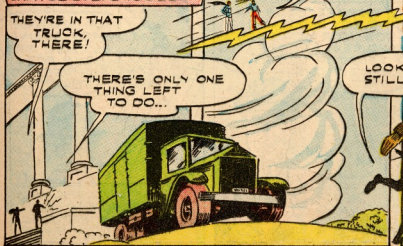
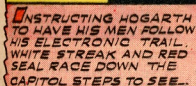
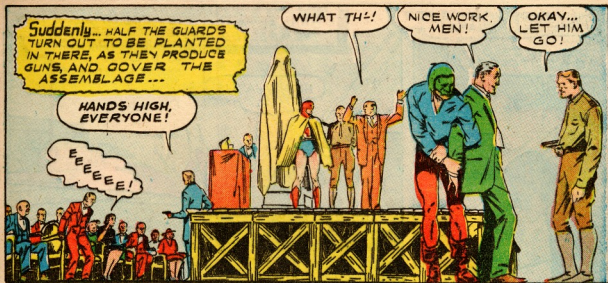


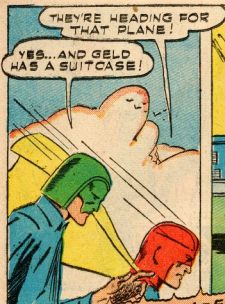
WHAT'S  
THIS?

THERE'S A STRING  
ATTACHED TO THE  
CURTAIN THAT WILL  
SET OFF EXPLOSIVES  
INSIDE THE STATUE  
IF THE CURTAIN'S  
PULLED ASIDE!









THEY'RE HEADING FOR THAT PLANE!

YES...AND GELD HAS A SUITCASE!



WHITE STREAK RELEASES A FLOW OF ELECTRONIC POSTS WHICH BURY THEMSELVES AROUND THE MEN...

HEY! WHAT IS THIS?



WE CAN'T GET OUT!

WE'RE TRAPPED!



FOLLOWING WHITE STREAK'S ELECTRONIC TRAIL... HOGARTH AND MEN COME ALONG.

HERES YOUR PRISONERS, HOGARTH!

WELL I'LL BE!!



STREAK RELEASES THE SABOTEURS FROM THE ELECTRONS, INTO THE ARMS OF THE POLICE!

HERE'S A WHOLE "TRUNK" LOAD OF INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE AGAINST GELD!

WOW! RECORDS OF EVERY SABOTAGE JOB! NICE WORK STREAK AND SEAL! LOOKS LIKE SENATOR LEIGH HAS GELD ON THE SPOT NOW!



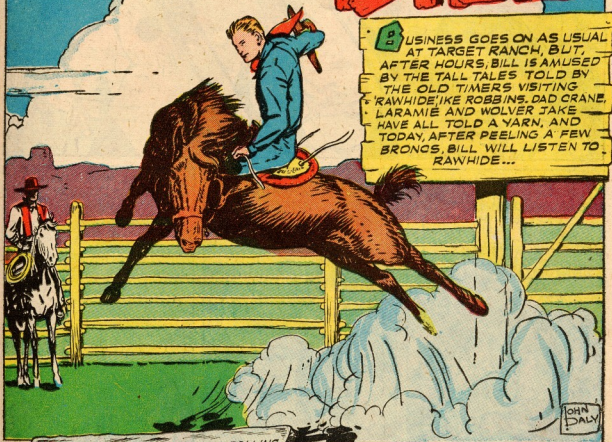
WE'LL BE SEEING YOU, HOGARTH!

DROP INTO WASHINGTON AGAIN! BUT NEXT TIME COME FOR A SIGHT SEEING TOUR!

ORIGINAL "ELECTRIC MAN," WHITE STREAK and HIS NEW FRIEND, RED SEAL WILL AGAIN APPEAR IN TARGET



# BULL'S-EYE BILL



**B**USINESS GOES ON AS USUAL AT TARGET RANCH, BUT, AFTER HOURS, BILL IS AMUSED BY THE TALL TALES TOLD BY THE OLD TIMERS VISITING RAWHIDE, IKE ROBBINS, DAD CRANE, LARAMIE AND WOLVER JAKE HAVE ALL TOLD A YARN, AND TODAY, AFTER PEELING A FEW BRONCS, BILL WILL LISTEN TO RAWHIDE...

JOHN DALY

## RAWHIDE STARTS THE BALL A-ROLLING

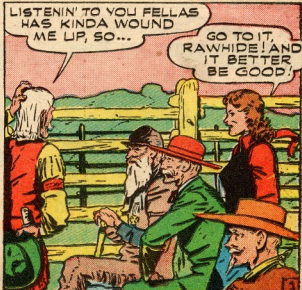


FOLKS... THERE AIN'T NO CALL TO INTRODUCE THIS OLE BILLY GOAT! HE'S BEEN IN THE WEST SINCE KIT CARSON WAS A YEARLIN'

WAL...

LISTENIN' TO YOU FELLAS HAS KINDA WOUND ME UP, SO...

GO TO IT, RAWHIDE! AND IT BETTER BE GOOD!

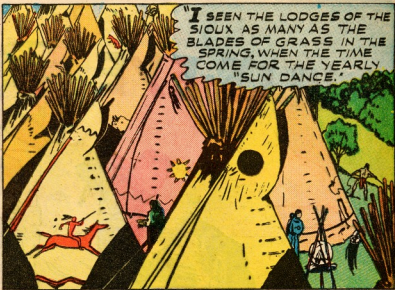


Marble River, South

WAL, I AIN'T NUTHER BEEN HERE AS LONG AS BILLY SEZ. I WAS JUST A KID O' COURSE, WHEN I COME HERE, BUT I SHORE KNOWED OUR 'RED BROTHERS' THE INJUNS, WHEN THEY HAD POWER!



"I SEEN THE LODGES OF THE SIOUX AS MANY AS THE BLADES OF GRASS IN THE SPRING, WHEN THE TIME COME FOR THE YEARLY 'SUN DANCE'."



"A N' I KNOWED SITTING BULL, TOO... AND HE KNOWED ME..."



"A N' CRAZY HORSE, THE OGALLALA WARRIOR!"



"A N' GALL, THE BRAVE LEADER OF THE NORTHERN CHEYENNE, BRAVEST TRIBE ON THE PLAINS."



"A N' I SEEN THE 7TH REGIMENT CAMPED ON THE YELLOWSTONE BEFORE THE CUSTER FIGHT..."

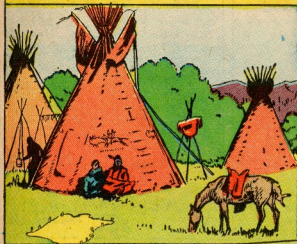


"...WITH THE 'YELLOW-HAIR' HIMSELF, (GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER) IN COMMAND."

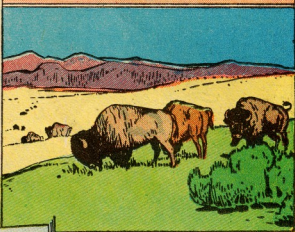




**A**ROUND THAT TIME, I LIVED IN THE LODGE OF 'CAVOTE RUNS, THE CROW WHO WAS CHIEF FOR TWO YEARS."



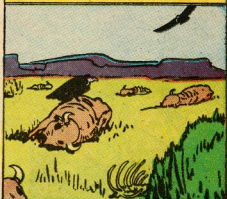
**T**HE FINEST BUFFALO RANGE IN THE COUNTRY WAS THE HOME OF THE CROWS AN' THEY NEVER FOUGHT A WAR AGIN' THE WHITE MAN."



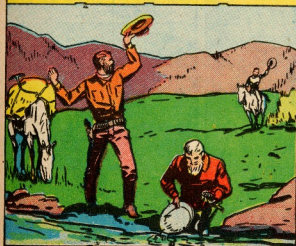
**A**N INJUN WITH ONLY A GOOD BUFFALO HOSS COULD LIVE IN COMFORT! HE NEEDED ONLY ABOUT 16 HIDES TO MAKE A GOOD TEPEEL."



**T**HE FAT, BACK MEAT OFF A YOUNG COW IS THE FINEST MEAT IN THE WORLD. BUT THE EAST WANTED HIDES, SO THE WHITE MAN KILLED OFF THE INJUN'S MEAL TICKET."



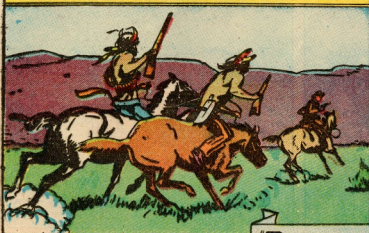
**T**HEN THE GOLD MINER MOVED INTO THE BLACK HILLS, CHASIN' OUT THE SIOUX AN' CHEYENNE."



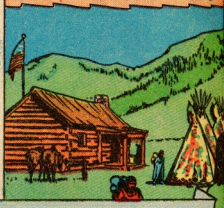
**I** GOT ME A JOB AT THE D.H.S., GREN-VILLE STUARTS' BIG SPREAD IN THE JUDITH RIVER BASIN. I SEEN THE RED-MAN WAS DOOMED AN' MY HEART WAS ON THE GROUND' BUT I HAD TO EAT..."



**AFTER THE LITTLE BIG HORN FIGHT IN JUNE '76 THE SOLDIERS FINALLY ROUNDED UP THE CHEYENNE AND CHASED SITTIN' BULL'S SIOUX INTO CANADA."**



**WE THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE PEACE NOW, WITH THE CHEYENNE IN OKLAHOMA ON THE RESERVATION AND THE GOV'MENT HANDING OUT RATIONS TO THE TRIBES UP NORTH**



**"I WANTED TO TELL YOU WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT HEAD-DRESSES WHILE 'LIVIN' WITH THE CROWS. ONLY THE CROWS WORE A WAR-BONNET WITH A TAIL."**



**"THE IDEE CAME TO AN OLE MEDICINE-MAN MANY YEARS AGO IN A DREAM. THE TAIL SIGNIFIES A BUFFALO'S BACK-BONE, AND GIVES POWER TO THE CROW WARRIORS."**

**IN MY DREAM I SAW THIS, MY BROTHERS!**



**"IT TAKES PLENTY OF FEATHERS AN' THIS IS HOW THEY GOT 'EM! FIRST, THEY DUG A NARROW HOLE 'BOUT FIVE FOOT DEEP!"**



**"THEN THEY KILLED A WOLF FOR BAIT."**



**"NEXT, THEY COVERED THE HOLES WITH POLES AN' BRUSH, LEAVING A PLACE TO GET IN."**

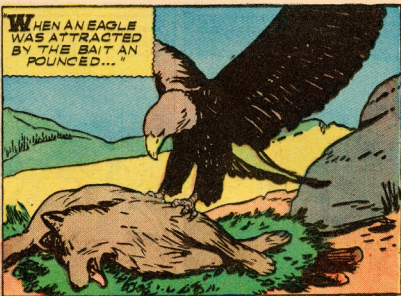




**THE BAIT WAS PLACED ON TOP, AN' THEN AN INJUN GOT INTO THE HOLE."**



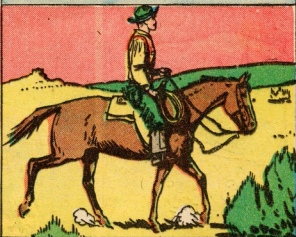
**WHEN AN EAGLE WAS ATTRACTED BY THE BAIT AN POUNCED..."**



**THE INJUN JUST GRABBED THE EAGLE'S FEET, AN' PULLED HIM INSIDE THE HOLE AN' KILLED HIM!"**



**BUT GETTIN' BACK TO MY STORY...I'M HEADIN' FOR THE BIG HORN ONE DAY, LOOKIN' FOR STRAYS IN THE FALL OF '76"**



**WE'D HEARD HOW 'DULL-KNIFE' AN' LITTLE WOLF' HAD BROKE OUT DOWN IN OKLAHOMA WITH 200 BRAVES AN' HEADED FOR HOME ON THE TONGUE RIVER. BUT I DIDN'T DREAM THEY COULD GET UP THERE SO FAST UNTIL I SAW THEM..."**



**"I HAD A GOOD HORSE, AN WE WERE BOTH SCARED SO I MADE A RUN FER IT."**



**"BUT THEM VARMINTS WANT-  
ED MY HORSE, I GUESS, AN'  
THEY KEPT COMING!"**



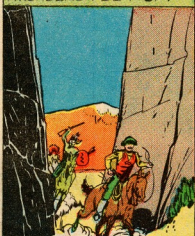
**"WE'RE GETTIN' INTO THE FOOTHILLS AN' I FIGGER  
ON FINDING CORNER AMONG THE TIMBER."**



**"THE RED SKINS WASN'T 50  
YARDS BEHIND ME, AS I  
RODE INTO A DRAW..."**



**"DRAT IT! I WAS IN A 'BOX  
CANYON!' WITH STEEP SIDES  
A HUNDRED FEET UP!"**



**"THE TRADE BALLS WHIS-  
TLED AROUND MY HEAD.  
I'M TRAPPED AN' MY HOSS  
GOES DOWN AS THE INJUNS  
CLOSE IN..."**



**"OH! IKE... THEN WHAT  
HAPPENED?"**



**"THEY KILLED ME,  
BY JUNIPER!"**



**"I'M CLAIMING THE LEATH-  
ER MEDAL FOLKS!"**



**AND RAWHIDE IKE  
DESERVES IT!**

**HE'LL BE BACK  
AGAIN WITH**

**BULLS EYE BILL  
IN NEXT MONTH'S**

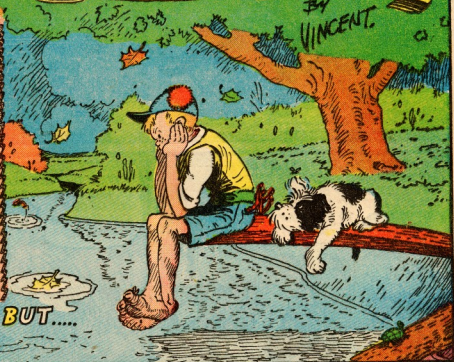




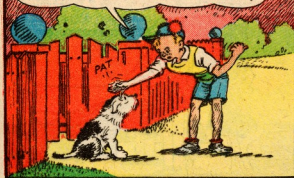
# SPECK SPOT and SIS..

BY VINCENT

Everything is Swell IN SPECK'S LIFE NOW, -BECAUSE PA IS BACK IN BUSINESS WITH HIS OLD ARMY BUDDY, PUBLISHING A "FUNNY" MAGAZINE! SPECK IS AN EQUAL PARDNER IN THE BUSINESS. LITTLE SIS IS GETTING AN ALLOWANCE. BIG SIS IS HAPPY AND DOESN'T NAG AT HIM SO MUCH ANY MORE! MA IS VERY VERY HAPPY..... AND SPOT SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN A NEW SLANT ON LIFE..... YEP! Everything is Swell..... BUT.....



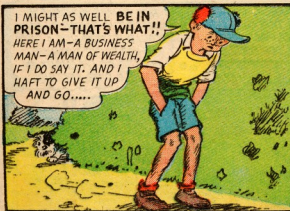
SPOT, YOU'VE GOTTA STAY HOME!  
THEY DON'T LIKE DOGS WHERE I'M GOING!



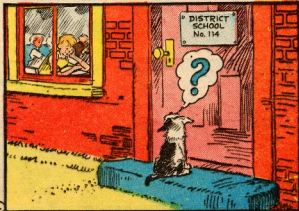
I DON'T GET IT,  
DO YOU?

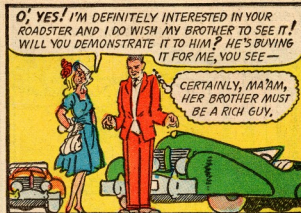
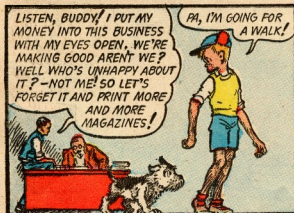
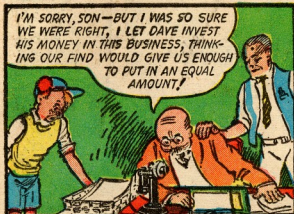
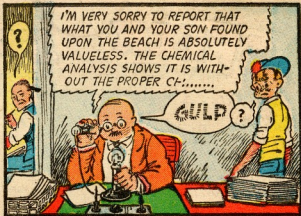
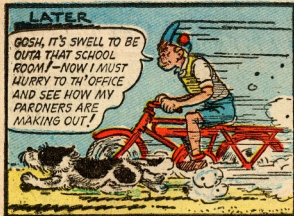


I MIGHT AS WELL BE IN PRISON-THAT'S WHAT!!  
HERE I AM-A BUSINESS MAN-A MAN OF WEALTH,  
IF I DO SAY IT. AND I HAF TO GIVE IT UP  
AND GO.....

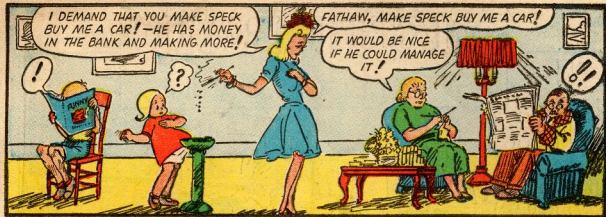


DISTRICT  
SCHOOL  
No. 114





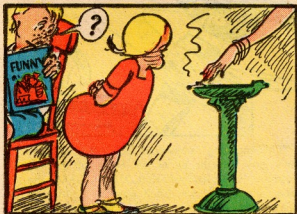




I DEMAND THAT YOU MAKE SPECK BUY ME A CAR!—HE HAS MONEY IN THE BANK AND MAKING MORE!

FATHAW, MAKE SPECK BUY ME A CAR!

IT WOULD BE NICE IF HE COULD MANAGE IT!

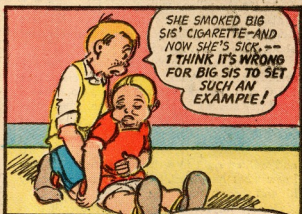


SINCE FATHAW AND SPECK ARE MAKING SO MUCH MONEY—I'VE RETIRED FROM MY JOB AND I EXPECT TO BE SUPPORTED IN THE MANNER I'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO—AND I MUST HAVE A CAR FOR MY SOCIAL CALLS!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT CHILD?

ULP GULP!



SHE SMOKED BIG SIS' CIGARETTE—AND NOW SHE'S SICK.—I THINK IT'S WRONG FOR BIG SIS TO SET SUCH AN EXAMPLE!



I GIVE LITTLE SIS AN ALLOWANCE FOR CANDY AND SODAS, BUT I'LL BE HANGED IF I'LL BUY CIGARETTES AND CARS FOR THAT LAZY GAL!



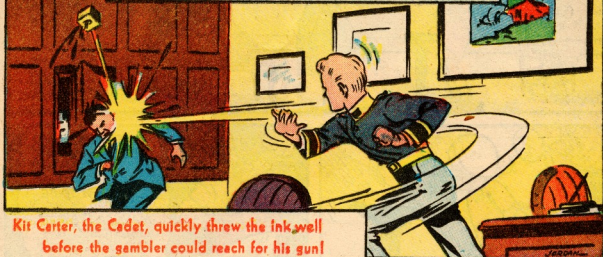
ARE YOU THINKING TH' SAME AS I'M THINKING?

YES! BUT I'VE NEVER NEVER HAD THE NERVE TO SAY IT!

**SPECK** — WHAT IS THIS BIG MONEY—MAKING SECRET THAT'S GONE WRONG? AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT BUYING A CAR FOR BIG SIS IN THE .. **NEXT ISSUE** OF THIS MAGAZINE!

# NIGHT RAID

## A CADET ADVENTURE



Kit Carter, the Cadet, quickly threw the inkwell before the gambler could reach for his gun!

By Jes

"YOU fellows sure were framed!" exclaimed Kit Carter as he strode along the road to the village with Frank King and Bob Watson, brother cadets at Daunton Military Academy. "Why didn't you tell the Commandant about the accident right away?"

"It happened so quickly, Kit, and we were so scared", replied Frank. "Bob and I were taking the Commandant's daughter to her class dance. That was about a month ago. Marjorie was driving her father's car. Just before we pulled up at the hotel, where the dance was held, a supposedly blind man suddenly stepped off the curb and walked right into the car. Before Marjorie knew what happened, the man was apparently hit and thrown unconscious."

Bob quickly interrupted. "Right after it happened, a man came up to us and said he was the blind man's brother. He wanted to settle the whole affair for \$300, and tried to rush us into accepting his offer before a crowd gathered."

Frank took up the story. "We said we didn't have that much money, so he offered to take I. O. U.'s for the amount and to keep the whole thing quiet. Knowing the Academy rules about I. O. U.'s we wanted to refuse, but Marjorie pleaded with us to sign the notes. I guess we all were so scared, we didn't realize what we were doing."

Kit mused for a moment and then said: "When did you find out that the whole thing was a frame-up, engineered by Tom Boyden?"

"This morning", answered Bob. "One of Boyden's gang caught us as we came off parade grounds. He muttered that Boyden had the notes, and that if we didn't pay the \$300, plus thirty-three per cent interest, Boyden would blackmail us."

"I think", advised Kit, "we ought to go to the Commandant and put the whole matter before him. I don't like the idea of working out of line, this way. It might mean expulsion for you two, and suspension for me!"

"Please, Kit," pleaded Frank, "Let's try my plan first. If it doesn't work, then we'll go to the Commandant."

"Okay," said Kit, giving in, "but I think we're making a great mistake."

According to the plan, Frank and Bob were to engage Boyden's bodyguard in conversation in the gambling room on the second floor of the Green Hill Tavern which was Boyden's headquarters. Meanwhile, Kit was to see Boyden alone, in the latter's office. At the first opportunity, through some ruse, Kit was to get Boyden to open the safe where the I. O. U.'s were kept. That's as far as the boys had worked out the plan.

As the three cadets walked into the Tavern, Frank said optimistically, "You'll think of something after that, Kit, I know. You always do," added Bob.

UPSTAIRS, in a luxuriously furnished room, Kit was introduced to Tom Boyden, one of the most notorious gangsters in the country. After a few moments, while Frank and Bob were engaging Boyden and his bodyguards in conversation, Kit got an idea. He raced out of



the room, in search of a telephone.

After being closeted in the booth for some minutes, Kit returned to the gambling room.

He took Frank aside and said: "You fellows beat it! Get back to Dauntton immediately! And stay there! Leave everything to me."

Kit watched the two boys leave the room, then he strolled over nonchalantly to Tom Boyden.

"May I have a word with you, sir?" asked Kit, meekly, trying to give Boyden the impression of an inoffensive youngster.

Boyden said affably, "What about?"

"I can explain better, in private," said Kit. "Do you have an office, or some place where we can be alone?"

Dubiously, the big fellow led Kit into his office. "Now," he said, "what's it all about?"

Kit glanced at a clock on Boyden's desk and thought, "If I can stall for just ten minutes, Frank and Boh will be saved!"

"Nice place you've got here," began Kit.

"Never mind that," said Boyden impatiently. "What are you after?"

"There's no need to take that tone, Mr. Boyden. After all," replied Kit, "I just want to give you some money."

"Money"? queried Boyden, completely taken by surprise. "What for?"

"I want to settle the debts my two friends owe you. What is the amount?"

Boyden leaned back in his chair and started to laugh, "Are you kidding me? Where would a kid like you get four hundred dollars?"

"That's beside the point, Mr. Boyden. I want to settle this debt for my friends."

Boyden, not knowing what to make of this unexpected turn of events, hesitated. Then he got up from his desk. Kit tried to keep back the panic he felt rising within him.

"There are some papers, I believe that Mr. King and Mr. Watson signed. I don't know anything about such things, Mr. Boyden. May I see the papers, sir?"

Laughing good humoredly, Boyden went to a wall, opened a sliding panel which disclosed a safe, and turned the dial. Kit could barely control himself for the moment. At last! The safe was open!

Just then, there was a terrific noise heard from below. Kit and Boyden heard men shouting: "Raid! Raid!"

Boyden reaching for his gun, wheeled around to Kit and yelled, "So! It's a frame-up!"

But Kit was prepared for him. Before the enraged man could get his gun, Kit flung a heavy ink-well at his shoulder. Boyden went down, Kit on top of him. Taken off guard completely, the big man was at the mercy of the young cadet. Kit banged the ink-well against the gambler's head and put him out, cold.

**H**URRIEDLY, Kit searched through the safe and found the two L. O. U. notes which King and Watson had signed, and which Boyden was using to blackmail them. Kit stuffed the notes in an inner pocket and made for the door. Just then, it opened and in walked Captain Walker of the police force, followed by two of his men.

"Well, Carter," said Walker, "this is a fine place to find a Dauntton cadet. I think you'll have to explain this little matter to your Commandant."

"I'll explain later, sir. First we ought to get a doctor for Mr. Boyden. He'll need a few stitches. I just bashed his head a bit, sir."

An hour later, Kit, Frank and Bob were standing in the Commandant's office, listening to their superior read the "riot act" to them. The Commandant was very angry, as Kit had anticipated.

"I don't care what the circumstances were, King. You and Watson should have come straight to me when that accident occurred. There would have been no frame-up, for Boyden would have been frightened off. As for my daughter, well, I shall see to it that she is properly punished for her part in this incident."

The boys said nothing. They stood at attention while the Commandant continued.

"Carter, I appreciate your loyalty to your brother cadets, but that was no reason for your calling Captain Walker and telling him to raid the gangsters immediately to rescue two cadets in danger, when the cadets shouldn't have been there in the first place. That you were responsible for the capture of one of the men who is wanted by the FBI, and that you will share in the rewards, has nothing to do with the issue. Your conduct in assuming too much authority was entirely unbecoming that of a Dauntton cadet!"

"Reward?" said Kit, who had not learned of this news.

"Silence!" commanded the Academy director "You three cadets are to be confined to your quarters for two weeks, denied all privileges, and forbidden to communicate with any other cadets. To refresh your memories of the standards of honor at Dauntton, you are to memorize the entire code book. Maybe that will teach you, Carter, not to steal papers from a safe. Watson and King, I hope you will profit similarly from the reading."

"Yes, sir," the three cadets replied.

"Dismissed!" thundered their Commandant. "To your quarters!"

Kit and his two friends filed out of the office and marched to their quarters, while their superior turned to his aide and said: "I wonder what prank they'll be up to next?"

**(THE END)**

By  
Robert  
Louis  
Stevenson

# Treasure Island

## Synopsis

JIM HAWKINS IS CABIN BOY ON THE SHIP HISPANIOLA ON A TREASURE HUNT. HE LEFT HIS FRIENDS, THE SHIP'S OWNER, CAPTAIN, DOCTOR AND TWO OTHERS, HOLDING A BLOCK-HOUSE ON TREASURE ISLAND AGAINST THE MUTINIED CREW. IN A SMALL BOAT HE REACHED THE SHIP, ONE WATCHMAN WAS DEAD, THE OTHER BADLY WOUNDED. HE, TOO, LATER DIES. NOW JIM IS ALONE ON THE BEACHED SHIP! HE CONTINUES HIS STORY...

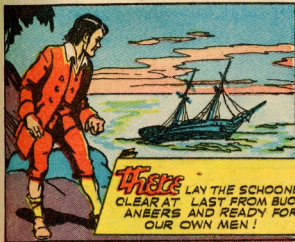


**H**OLDING THE CUT HAWSER IN BOTH HANDS... I LET MYSELF DROP SAFELY OVERBOARD.

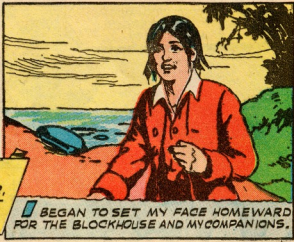


**I** WADED ASHORE IN GREAT SPIRITS.





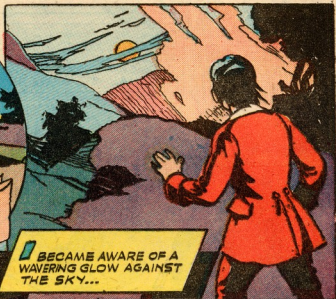
**There** LAY THE SCHOONER,  
CLEAR AT LAST FROM BUCC-  
ANEERS AND READY FOR  
OUR OWN MEN!



I BEGAN TO SET MY FACE HOMEWARD  
FOR THE BLOCKHOUSE AND MY COMPANIONS.



**N**OT LONG AFTER, I WADED  
ACROSS THE WATER COURSE.



I BECAME AWARE OF A  
WAVERING GLOW AGAINST  
THE SKY...



I KEPT TRIPPING AMONG  
BUSHES AND ROLLING  
INTO SANDY PITS.



I DREW NEAR TO THE STOCKADE. THE BLOCKHOUSE  
LAY IN A BLACK SHADOW. BEHIND IT  
WAS THE RED GLOW OF A FIRE!

I STOPPED WITH MUCH  
WONDER AND TERROR  
IN MY HEART!

I GOT UPON MY  
HANDS AND KNEES  
AND CRAWLED, WITH-  
OUT A SOUND, TOWARD  
THE CORNER OF THE  
HOUSE...

W HEN I GOT TO THE DOORS AND  
STOOD UP, I HEARD THE STEADY  
DRONE OF SNORERS! ALL OF A  
SUDDEN, A SHRILL VOICE BROKE OUT:

PIECES OF EIGHT!  
PIECES OF EIGHT!  
PIECES OF  
EIGHT!

W HEN I HEARD, THE MIGHTY VOICE OF  
LONG JOHN SILVER CRY, "WHO GOES?"

I TURNED TO RUN AND RAN  
STRAIGHT INTO SOMEONE'S ARMS!





NOW, SO BE AS YOU ARE HERE, JIM. I'LL GIVE YOU A PIECE OF MY MIND!

I HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW WHAT'S WHAT AND WHY YOU'RE HERE, AND WHERE MY FRIENDS ARE!

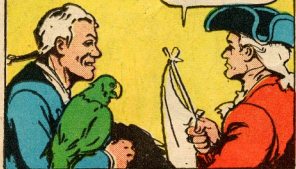
HE SAT ACROSS THE BRANDY CASK AND BEGAN TO FILL HIS PIPE.



"I QUESTIONED THE DOCTOR..."

AND WHERE'S YOUR  
BOY, JIM?

I DON'T KNOW  
WHERE, CONFOUND  
HIM! WE'RE ABOUT  
SICK OF HIM!



SO THEY TURNED THE  
HOUSE OVER TO US.  
NOW CHOOSE...  
ARE YOU GOING  
TO BE WITH  
US OR NOT?



I WAS THE ONE WHO  
TOLD THE CAPTAIN OF  
YOUR PLANS!  
KILL ME IF YOU  
PLEASE... OR  
SPARE ME!



AND NOW, MR. SILVER,  
LET THE DOCTOR  
KNOW THE WAY  
I TOOK IT!



"HERE GOES," CRIED ONE  
OF THE PIRATES AND CAME  
AT ME WITH A KNIFE. 'AVAST  
THERE,' SAID SILVER.



**D**ID ANY OF YOU GENTLEMEN WANT TO HAVE IT OUT  
WITH ME? HIM THAT WANTS SHALL GET IT! "ROARED SILVER.

**O**NE OF THE MEN STEPPED  
FORWARD. "I AX YOUR PARDON  
ON SIR, BUT WE WILL STEP  
OUTSIDE FOR COUNSEL."





LOOK HERE, JIM, THEY'RE GOING TO THROW ME OFF... BUT, I'LL STAND BY YOU THROUGH THICK AND THIN!



I'LL SAVE YOUR LIFE FROM THEM, BUT TIT FOR TAT, YOU SAVE LONG JOHN FROM SWINGING!



I TURNED TO THE LOOPHOLE NEAREST ME AND LOOKED OUT.



THE PIRATES WERE STOOPING OVER A BOOK WITH A KNIFE. IN A MINUTE, THEY STARTED BACK.



THE SEA COOK LOOKED AT WHAT HAD BEEN GIVEN HIM. "THE BLACK SPOT! I THOUGHT 'YOU'VE GONE AND CUT THIS OUT OF A BIBLE! NO GOOD WILL COME OF THAT!"



ONE OF THE MEN STEPPED FORWARD. "STEP UP LAD, CRIED SILVER! I WON'T EAT YOU... HAND IT OVER, LUBBER!"



ANOTHER THRILLING EPISODE OF "Treasure Island" WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **TARGET** COMICS

# LUCKY BYRD

of G-2

Flier

*in*  
**"DEATH  
at our  
DOORS."**

by  
**HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL**

LIEUTENANT LUCKY BYRD, GRADUATE OF OUR ARMY'S FLYING COURSE AT RANDOLPH FIELD, TEXAS, HAS BECOME THE FLYING ACE OF G-2, THE INTELLIGENCE BRANCH OF THE ARMY.

HIS EFFORTS HAVE BEEN LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FAILURE OF THE PLOTS OF OUR COUNTRY'S ENEMIES AGAINST OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE. EVEN THE PRESIDENT OWES HIS LIFE TO THE COURAGE AND QUICK THINKING OF LUCKY BYRD!



NEAR BOSTON, A MYSTERIOUS PLANE CRASHES.



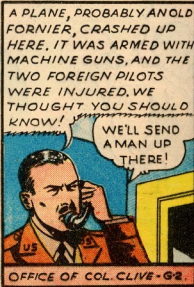
SAY, THERE ARE MACHINE GUNS ON THIS SHIP!

AND THOSE 2 GUYS ARE FOREIGNERS



WE'D BETTER NOTIFY THE FBI!

F.B.I. NOTHING! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR G-2, OF THE ARMY!



A PLANE, PROBABLY AN OLD FORTNER, CRASHED UP HERE. IT WAS ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS, AND THE TWO FOREIGN PILOTS WERE INJURED. WE THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW!

WE'LL SEND A MAN UP THERE!

OFFICE OF COL. CLIVE - G-2.

A Marble River Scan



HALF AN HOUR LATER...

BYRD, FLY UP TO BOSTON, AND CHECK UP ON THIS CASE. HERE ARE ALL THE DETAILS.

YES, SIR, I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE, COL. CLIVE!

THERE'S THE WRECK!

AN HOUR LATER.

I'M LIEUT. BYRD, G2! SHOW ME THAT WRECKED FORTNIE. THEN, I'LL SEE THOSE PILOTS!

15 MINUTES LATER, AFTER EXAMINING THE WRECK.

THAT PLANE'S AN OLD MILITARY FORTNIE, ALL RIGHT! NOW, LET ME TALK TO THOSE PILOTS.

ONE OF THEM IS STILL OUT DELIRIOUS!

COME ON, FRITZ! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY, AMERICAN!

GOT TO GET THERE

AT THE JAIL HOSPITAL...

BUT, THE OTHER PILOT, RAVING IN HIS DELIRIUM.

GOT TO GET TO ST. PIERRE. ATTACK ON NEW YORK...  
... GOT TO.....

SILENCE, YOU BABBLING FOOL!

LAY OFF, FRITZ! IT'S INTERESTING!

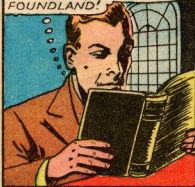
I'LL KILL THE **BLATTING** FOOL! THAT HE SHOULD DESTROY US. THAT -

WHY ADD MURDER TO YOUR TROUBLE?



THE LIBRARY-30 MINUTES LATER.

ST. PIERRE, 10 SQUARE MILES OF ROCKY ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF NEW-FOUNDLAND!



I THINK I SEE THE PLOT. NOW, HOW CAN I SPIKE THEIR GUNS? I HAVE IT!



AN HOUR LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL WHERE THE INJURED PILOT IS HELD.

BYRD DRESSES IN THE CAPTURED PILOT'S UNIFORM.

HERE ARE THE PADERS, AND CLOTHES THAT PILOT HAD ON HIM, LIEUT. BYRD!



THIS IS RISKY, BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE!

YOUR PLANE IS READY, SIR. AND THE ARMY DOCTOR IS HERE!

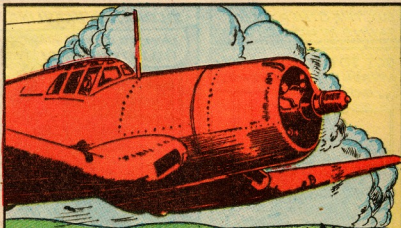


JUST WHY DO YOU WANT TO HAVE YOUR FACE BANDAGED, LIEUTENANT BYRD?

TO FEIGN A JAW INJURY TO ACCOUNT FOR MY HALTING SPEECH, DOC!



COL. CLIVE, BYRD SPEAKING, HAVE **NEWSPAPER AND RADIO** STORIES GIVEN OUT THAT THIS INVADING PILOT HAS **ESCAPED** IN A STOLEN PLANE, HEADING **NORTH**, PROBABLY TO ST. PIERRE! I'M IMPERSONATING FRITZ SHULTZ, AND FLYING TO ST. PIERRE!



TEN MINUTES, LATER BYRD IS IN THE AIR, HEADED FOR ST. PIERRE.



FOUR HOURS LATER, OVER  
ST. PIERRE.

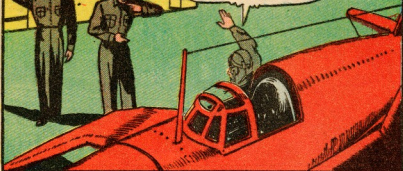
I'LL FAKE A CRASH ON  
THAT AIR FIELD!



SCHULTZ, WE HEARD ON  
THE AMERICAN RADIO YOU  
HAD ESCAPED!

HE'S INJURED!

JA! BROKEN JAW!  
CAN'T TALK MUCH!



IN THE CRASH I WAS HURT.  
I CAN'T WALK! CARRY ME,  
PLEASE!

IF THEY THINK  
I'M PARALYZED,  
THEY WON'T  
WATCH ME!



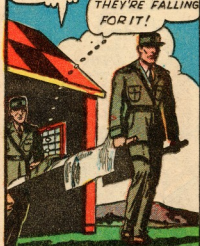
SCHULTZ SOUNDS FUNNY!  
HIS ACCENT-

SO WOULD YOURS  
WITH A BROKEN  
JAW!-



-BESIDES, WHAT CAN A  
PARALYZED MAN DO?

THEY'RE FALLING  
FOR IT!

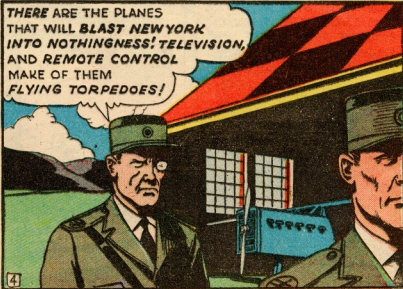


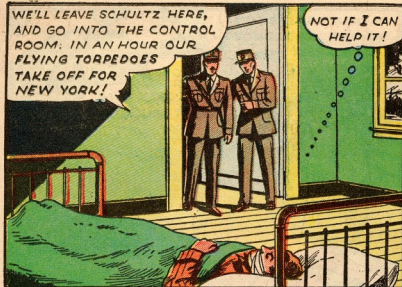
THE RADIO TESTS ON THE  
REMOTE CONTROL ARE  
FINISHED!

I BEGIN TO  
SEE THE  
LIGHT!



THERE ARE THE PLANES  
THAT WILL BLAST NEW YORK  
INTO NOTHINGNESS! TELEVISION,  
AND REMOTE CONTROL  
MAKE OF THEM  
FLYING TORPEDOES!







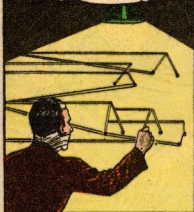
THIS DOOR **SHOULD** LEAD  
TO THE **BACK** OF THAT  
RADIO CONTROL PANEL.



A FEW CHANGES IN THAT  
WIRING WOULD SORT OF  
ALTER THEIR PLANS!



IN FACT, I WOULDN'T BE  
SURPRISED IF A FEW OF  
THOSE RADIO SHIPS  
TANGLED TAIL-SURFACES!



AND NOW BACK TO-



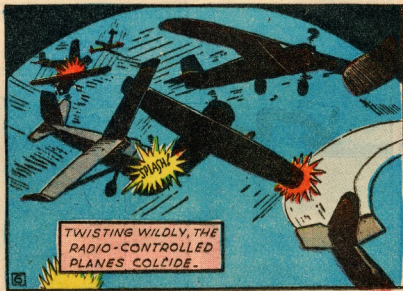
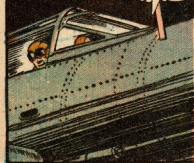
-BED!



IN THE OBSERVATION SHIP,  
FOLLOWING THE RADIO-  
CONTROLLED PLANES...

HIMMEL! CARL, LOOK!

THEY DO  
NOT WORK.



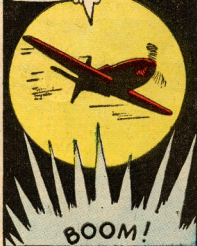
TWISTING WILDLY, THE  
RADIO-CONTROLLED  
PLANES COLLIDE.

ALL OF THE PLANES GO  
CRASHING INTO THE SEA...



BOOM!

ALL IS LOST! BACK TO  
ST. PIERRE!



BOOM!

THOSE EXPLOSIONS! THAT  
MEANS THOSE SHIPS HAVE  
CRASHED, AND MY JOB  
IS OVER. NOW, ALL I HAVE  
TO DO IS STEAL A PLANE,  
AND ESCAPE!



BACK IN THE UNITED  
STATES, WHERE THE  
REAL SCHULTZ IS  
CONFINED!



ONE SIDE,  
AMERICAN!

IN A STOLEN PLANE, SCHULTZ  
IS FLYING TOWARD ST.  
PIERRE, AND LUCKY...



BACK IN ST. PIERRE, LUCKY  
IS UNAWARE THAT DOOM  
IS WINGING TOWARD  
ST. PIERRE...

I'LL WAIT UNTIL TOMOR-  
ROW TO ESCAPE!



**WHAT**  
BECOMES OF  
LUCKY BYRD,  
WHEN THE  
REAL SCHULTZ  
ARRIVES AT  
ST. PIERRE?  
ANOTHER  
LUCKY BYRD  
EPISODE  
NEXT MONTH.



# Spacehawk

by Basil Wolverton

**H**ERR NITWITLER, DICTATOR, IS ENRAGED BY THE ACTION CANADA HAS TAKEN AGAINST HIS BLOODY WAR MACHINE.....

I KEEP SENDING SUBMARINES AND BOMBERS AFTER THEIR TROOP TRANSPORTS, BUT THEY STILL MANAGE TO GET OVER HERE! I'LL STOP THEM, THOUGH! I'VE SAVED AN ACE IN THE HOLE FOR JUST SUCH A SITUATION, AND NOW I'M GOING TO PLAY IT! SEND FOR CAPTAIN KOHLER!

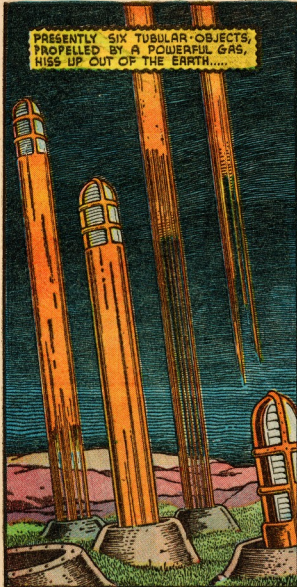
YES, SIR!

CAPTAIN KOHLER, THE TIME HAS COME TO USE OUR SECRET STRATOSPHERE SHIPS! YOU WILL TAKE HALF OF THEM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC AND BOMB THE POINTS MARKED ON THIS MAP!

PREPARE SIX OF THE SHIPS FOR IMMEDIATE FLIGHT!

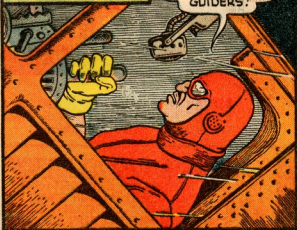
KOHLER SPEEDS TO A HANGAR HIDDEN UNDERGROUND—

PRESENTLY SIX TUBULAR OBJECTS, PROPELLED BY A POWERFUL GAS, HISS UP OUT OF THE EARTH....

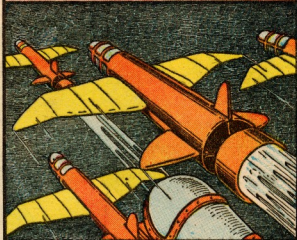


KOHLER, INSIDE THE FOREMOST ONE, BARKS ORDERS TO THE OTHER FIVE PILOTS..

THIS IS OUR CEILING — EIGHTY THOUSAND FEET! PUT OUT YOUR GUIDERS!



WINGS AND TAIL ASSEMBLIES JUT OUT OF THE CRAFT, WHICH IMMEDIATELY LEVEL OFF AND ZIP WESTWARD AT HIGH SPEED....



THIS FLIGHT WILL PROVE THAT WE ARE MASTERS EVEN OF THE STRATOSPHERE! NO ONE CAN SEE US! NO ONE CAN STOP US! WHAT A SURPRISE THOSE CONCEITED CANADIANS WILL GET WHEN OUR NEW SUPER-BLAST BOMBS STRIKE EARTH! YES — THIS IS MY BIG DAY! I'LL BE A NATIONAL HERO WHEN I RETURN!



LITTLE DOES KOHLER REALIZE THAT SHARP EYES ARE ALREADY UPON HIM...



THOSE STREAKS OF LIGHT IN THE SKY — THEY'RE TOO PARALLEL TO BE METEORS' TAILS! THEY MUST BE EXHAUST FLAMES FROM SOME KIND OF AIRCRAFT!



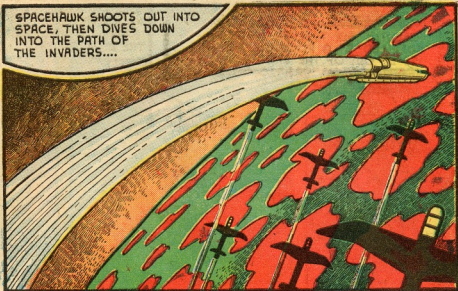
SPACEHAWK STREAKS IN PURSUIT...



SHIPS TRAVELING  
FIFTEEN MILES ABOVE  
THE EARTH! FOR  
EARTHLINGS, THAT'S  
MIGHTY HIGH FLYING!  
I'LL SOON FIND OUT  
WHAT THIS IS ABOUT!

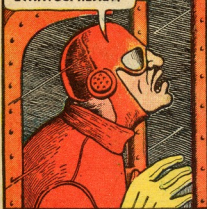


SPACEHAWK SHOOTS OUT INTO  
SPACE, THEN DIVES DOWN  
INTO THE PATH OF  
THE INVADERS....



KOHLER STIFFENS AT SIGHT  
OF THE DARTING STEEL GIANT....

WHAT THE --! ANOTHER  
SHIP UP HERE IN THE  
STRATOSPHERE!?



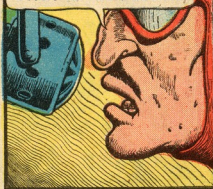
IDENTIFY YOURSELVES  
AND GIVE YOUR  
DESTINATION, OR I  
SHALL ATTACK!



A VOICE BOOMS  
THRU KOHLER'S  
EARPHONES....

THE FRIGHTENED CAPTAIN  
DOES NOT REPLY TO SPACE-  
HAWK. INSTEAD, HE  
STAMMERS A COMMAND  
TO HIS PILOTS....

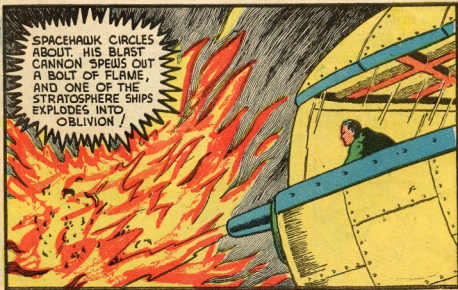
IGNORE THIS INTRUDER!  
STICK TO YOUR COURSE!



THE COMMANDER'S  
LANGUAGE AND  
ATTITUDE PROVE  
THESE ARE ENEMY  
SHIPS! THEY CAN  
IGNORE ME IF THEY  
WISH — BUT I'M  
NOT GOING TO  
IGNORE THEM!



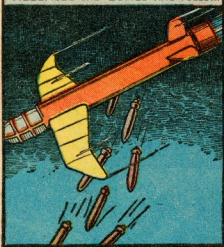
SPACEHAWK CIRCLES  
ABOUT. HIS BLAST  
CANNON SPEWS OUT  
A BOLT OF FLAME,  
AND ONE OF THE  
STRATOSPHERE SHIPS  
EXPLODES INTO  
OBLIVION!



A GIANT FLAME-  
THROWER! WE'LL  
ALL BE BLASTED  
TO ATOMS! I'LL  
HAVE TO GET OUT  
OF HERE—QUICK!



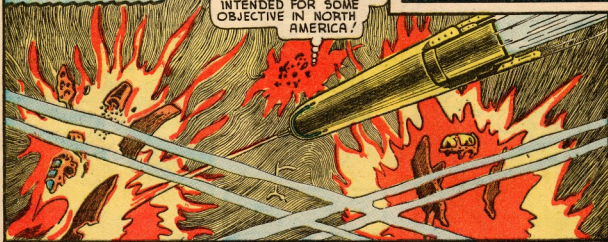
LEAVING THE OTHER SHIPS TO  
THEIR DOOM, KOHLER  
RELEASES HIS BOMBS AND FLEES...



MILES BELOW, THE  
LETHAL LOAD HURLS  
TONS OF WATER  
INTO THE AIR!

SPACEHAWK PUTS A  
QUICK END TO THE  
REMAINING CRAFT....

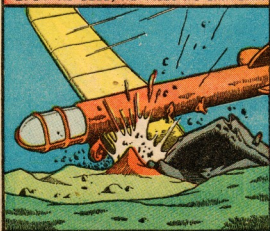
JUST AS I THOUGHT—  
—ALL OF THEM LOADED  
WITH POWERFUL BOMBS  
INTENDED FOR SOME  
OBJECTIVE IN NORTH  
AMERICA!



NOW TO GET THE  
ONE THAT TURNED  
BACK!



KOHLER'S HEAD START GETS HIM  
OVER HOME TERRITORY, BUT IN HIS  
ANXIETY TO LAND IN THE FIRST OPEN  
SPOT, HE SEES, HE PILES HIS SHIP UP....



OUT OF THE FRYING  
PAN AND INTO THE  
FIRE! NOW I MUST  
FACE HERA NITWITLER!  
I'D BETTER MAKE IT A  
GOOD STORY, OR I'LL  
WISH I HAD STAYED  
IN THE SKY!





ALTHOUGH SPACEHAWK  
KEEPS AN EYE ON KOHLER  
BY MEANS OF HIS ELECTRO-  
SCOPE, HE CANNOT REACH  
THE OFFICER IN TIME TO  
PREVENT HIS ESCAPE...



BUT AS SPACEHAWK  
ROARS IN OVER ENEMY  
TERRITORY, HIS EAGLE-  
LIKE SIGHT IS ATTRACTED  
TO THE PROTRUDING  
MUZZLES OF THE RAIDERS'  
LAUNCHING TUBES...



I THINK I'LL STICK  
AROUND AND FIND OUT  
WHAT THOSE THINGS ARE!

MEANWHILE, HEAR NITWITLER  
RECEIVES WORD OF  
KOHLER'S RETURN.....



SEND HIM IN! I EXPECT  
GOOD NEWS!

WELL - ? I REGRET  
TO INFORM  
YOU, SIR, THAT WE  
FAILED! THERE WASN'T  
ENOUGH PRESSURE IN  
THE GAS CHAMBERS TO  
KEEP US ALOFT! THE  
OTHER SHIPS FELL INTO  
THE SEA! I MADE IT  
BACK, BUT I -



FAILURES! FAILURES! I'M  
SICK OF HEARING OF  
FAILURES! PREPARE THE  
OTHER SIX SHIPS AND TRY  
IT AGAIN! FORCE MORE  
GAS INTO THE CHAMBERS!  
ROUND UP FIVE MORE PILOTS  
AND TAKE OFF JUST AS  
SOON AS YOU CAN! AND  
DON'T FAIL THIS TIME!



IT IS  
SUICIDE!

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS,  
CAPTAIN KOHLER! GO!

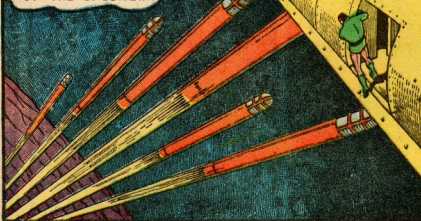


KOHLER HURRIES BACK  
TO THE HANGAR....



A FINE MESS!  
UNLESS I CAN  
SLIP AWAY FROM THE  
OTHERS, I'LL BE SHOT  
DOWN WITH THEM BY  
THAT MYSTERIOUS  
SKY DEVIL!

SPACEHAWK IS JUST  
PREPARING TO COME  
TO EARTH WHEN SIX  
SHIPS SHOOT OUT  
OF THE GROUND....

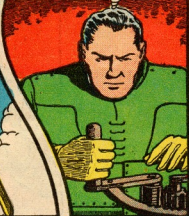


AHA! THIS SOLVES  
THE MYSTERY! MORE  
HIGH FLYING RAIDERS!

I WAS NEARLY IN THEIR PATH, BUT AT THAT SPEED THEY PROBABLY DIDN'T NOTICE ME!



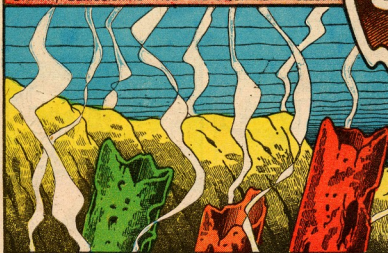
I'LL MAKE CERTAIN NO MORE SHIPS ARE LAUNCHED FROM HERE! AN ACID "BOMB" SHOULD BE JUST THE THING!



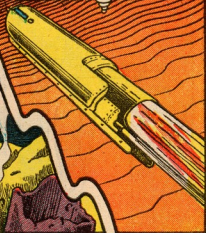
SPACEHAWK DROPS A CONTAINER OF DEADLY LIQUID....



THE POTENT ACID QUICKLY KNOWS INTO THE EARTH, DEMOLISHING ALL THE EQUIPMENT BELOW...



NOW TO FINISH THOSE RAIDERS BEFORE THEY REACH NORTH AMERICA!



IN KOHLER'S SHIP...

WE'RE NEARLY ACROSS THE SEA, AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF TROUBLE YET! I BELIEVE WE'LL MAKE IT!



BUT SUDDENLY A LONG SHAPE KNIVES IN AMONG THE CRAFT, BRINGING SWIFT DESTRUCTION!



SPACEHAWK FLIES TOO NEAR TO ONE OF THE SHIPS, AND IT EXPLODES DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM...





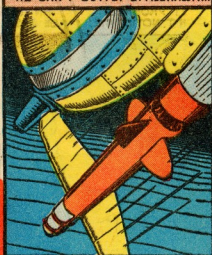
THERE GOES MY BLAST CANNON'S MUZZLE!—AND I'VE SHOT DOWN ONLY FIVE OF THEM! I'LL HAVE TO GET THE SIXTH SOME OTHER WAY!



HE'S DOWNED THEM ALL EXCEPT ME! I'LL OUTFLY HIM AGAIN, AND THIS TIME I WON'T DROP MY BOMBS TILL I'M OVER CANADA!



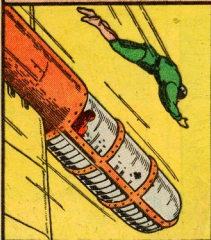
KOHLER SOON FINDS THAT HE CAN'T OUTFLY SPACEHAWK...



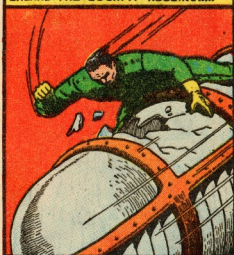
HIMMEL! HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME!



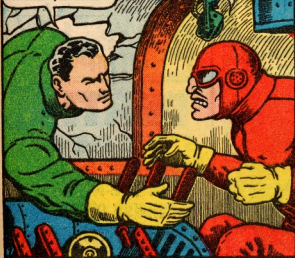
LEAVING A ROBOT PILOT TO FLY THE SHIP, SPACEHAWK LEAPS OUT UPON KOHLER'S CRAFT!



ONE BLOW OF HIS STEELY FIST BREAKS THE COCKPIT HOUSING....



WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, FRITZ?



WHY, YOU—! I'LL—

YOU WILL, EH?

SPACEHAWK DIVES INSIDE AND ....



KOHLER TOPPLES INTO THE SKY!  
HE MAKES IT TO CANADA, BUT  
NOT IN THE WAY HE INTENDED....

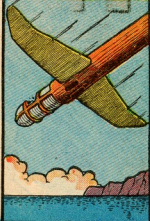


INSIDE KOHLER'S  
FALLING SHIP—

WHEW! THIS RIG  
IS JUST ABOUT  
TO CRASH!



SPACEHAWK TURNS  
THE CRAFT AROUND  
SO THAT IT HEADS  
BACK TO SEA....



HE LEAPS OUT JUST IN TIME TO ESCAPE  
THE MAMMOTH WAVE THAT IS BLASTED  
INTO THE AIR....



LATER, IN HIS SHIP...

NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK!  
I'VE GOOD REASON TO  
BELIEVE THAT I'VE DONE  
SEVERAL THOUSAND  
CANADIANS A BIG FAVOR!



*Next Month*  
**DEATH**  
STRIKES AMERICA  
FROM THE SKIES!  
IN THE NEXT  
SPACEHAWK ADVENTURE IN  
**TARGET COMICS!**



# PETE STOCKBRIDGE

Alias **THE Chameleon**

OKAY, PETE!

LET'S GO!  
HOW ABOUT A RIDE  
TO NEW YORK, MISTER?

HEY-!  
WHAT'S THE  
IDEA-?

PETE HAS BEEN CHEATED OF HIS VAST INHERITANCE BY A BAND OF CROOKS, LED BY A CERTAIN DR. KNIFE, THEN LEFT IN A STRANGE CITY... HE IS ENDEAVORING TO RETURN TO NEW YORK NOW, AND, WITH THE HELP OF AN ORPHAN LAD, NAMED RAGSY, HE HOPES TO DENOUNCE THE IMPOSTERS AND REGAIN HIS FORTUNE....

A Marble River Scene

WELL OF ALL THE BLOOMIN' NERVE! -LEAPING SMACK ONTO A MAN'S BOAT !!!

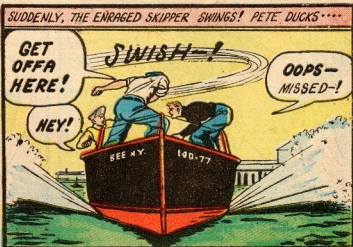
SUDDENLY, THE ENRAGED SKIPPER SWINGS! PETE DUCKS....

GET  
OFFA  
HERE!

SWISH-!

HEY!

OOOPS-  
MISSED-!



GRABBING THE SKIPPER'S ARMS, PETE TRIES TO EXPLAIN ....

LOOK, MISTER! WE'VE **GOT** TO GET TO NEW YORK! AT THE MOMENT, WE'RE FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED, BUT IF YOU'LL GIVE ME YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, I'LL PAY YOU **DOUBLE** FOR THE RIDE!

G'WAN, YOU BUM! YOU COULDN'T BUY A PINT OF ANYTHING!

**OH, YEAH!** LISTEN, FLANNEL-MOUTH! DIS GUY IS DA FAMOUS PETE STOCKBRIDGE! HE COULD BUY YOU OUT A **MILLION** TIMES! BUT SOME CROOKS CONKED HIM AND STUCK A RINGER IN HIS PLACE! NOW CUT DA LIP AND DRIVE US TO NEW YOIK!

STOCKBRIDGE?

DAT'S WHAT I SAID, SAILOR! STOCKBRIDGE! DESE CROOKS MADE HIM LOSE HIS MEMORY SO HE WOULDN'T SQUAWK! BUT I BRUNG IT BACK BY SOCKING HIM WID A BOARD— HE WAS HUNGRY, AND SWIPING ME GRUB— HE'S RICHER DEN MIDAS, AND HE'LL PAY YOU ALL RIGHT!

IT SOUNDS CRAZY—BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK!

THE SKIPPER STARTS DOWN THE COAST...

ARRIVING IN NEW YORK, THE TWO HEAD FOR THE HEART OF THE CITY...

THANKS, CAP! I'LL MAIL YOU THAT MONEY!

GOOD LUCK!

C'MON! WE GOT WOIK TO DO!

WITHIN A SHORT TIME, THEY NEAR THE OFFICES OF THE STOCKBRIDGE HOLDINGS, INC.

SEE THAT BUILDING, RAGSY? MY UNCLE BUILT IT ... IT'S THE CENTER OF ALL THE STOCKBRIDGE ENTERPRISES—THE NEWSPAPERS, OIL—REAL ESTATE—INDUSTRIES—

AND DEM CROOKS IS SITTING UP DERE, PRETENDING TO BE YOU, EH? LET'S GO IN AND PLOW 'EM UNDER!!

ENTERING THE BUILDING, THE TWO HEAD FOR THE MAIN OFFICE ....

HERE! YOU TRAMPS! WHAT—?

EXCUSE ME, MISTER—BUT I HAPPEN TO BE PETER STOCKBRIDGE!!

TELL 'EM, PETE!

SUDDENLY ONE OF DR. KNIFE'S HENCHMEN SPOTS PETE, ENTERING THE HUGE OFFICE ....

WHAT THE—

**HEY—! BOSS!**  
**THAT MUG—STOCKBRIDGE!**  
**HE'S HERE!**



IMMEDIATELY, PANIC SEIZES DIRK-  
THE FAKE STOCKBRIDGE-AND KNIFE--

QUICK! WE  
MUST DO  
SOMETHING!

MIKE! GET THE  
BOYS! CHUCK THAT  
GUY OUT FAST!  
HURRY-YOU FOOL!



ABRUPTLY, A DOZEN OF KNIFE'S THUGS RUSH INTO THE OFFICE-- LEAP  
AT PETE AND RAGSY----

THROW THOSE  
PANHANDLERS  
OUT OF HERE!

I GOT HIM!

LISTEN! I'M PETER  
STOCKBRIDGE! THAT  
OTHER MAN IS AN  
IMPOSTER! I--

LEMME  
DOWN-YOU  
PALOOKA!

OH  
YEAN?

GRAB  
'EM!



FOR A MOMENT, THERE IS  
A TERRIFIC SCUFFLE--

OOF!  
SOCK  
HIM!

I TELL YOU  
I'M THE REAL  
STOCKBRIDGE!  
THAT MAN--



-BUT THE WEIGHT OF NUMBERS IS TOO GREAT---- PETE  
AND RAGSY ARE FORCED TO THE DOOR----

HOW DID  
THIS BUM  
GET IN  
HERE!

LISTEN!

ROUGH  
HIM  
UP!

LISTEN-YOU  
DOPES! HE'S  
TELLING DA  
TRUTH! HE'S--

QUIET!



AT THE REAR STREET DOOR, THEY  
ARE FLUNG OUTSIDE ----

HURRIEDLY, DR. KNIFE SNAPS  
ORDERS AT HIS PAID THUGS----

GET OUT AFTER THAT GUY!  
THE KID, TOO--AND KILL 'EM  
THIS TIME! BUT NO GUNS! WE  
DON'T WANT A POLICE INVESTIGATION!  
MAKE IT AN ACCIDENT--AND  
MAKE IT FAST! NOW BEAT  
IT!

RIGHT!



NOW KNIFE TURNS TO DIRK--THE  
FAKE PETER STOCKBRIDGE----

LOOK, DIRKY--THIS IS A  
TICKLISH GAME! TO BE ON THE  
SAFE SIDE, WE'D BETTER COLLECT  
ALL THE CASH WE CAN OUT OF HERE,  
AND HAVE IT READY TO SCRAM  
WITH, IN CASE ANYTHING BLOWS!

I THINK YOU'RE  
RIGHT, DOC!!



WELL, OF ALL THE--  
THOSE DEVILS WERE  
MOSTLY KNIFE'S  
PLUGS!

IMAGINE!!!  
MAULING ME  
LIKE DAT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, PETE AND RAGSY ARE WALKING DOWN THE STREET—

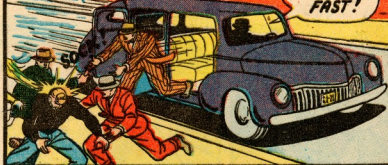
DA TROUBLE IS, PETE, YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE NO GENTLEMAN!! NOBODY'LL BELIEVE YOUR STORY, NID YOU LOOKING LIKE DAT—YOUR PALS, YOUR HELP, DA COPS! NOBODY! WE GOTTA GET YOU SHINED UP!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, RAGSY—

GLOUT 'EM!

QUICK! GET 'EM INTO THE CAR!

MAKE IT FAST!



HURRIEDLY, THEY ARE DRIVEN TO A GARAGE, SHOVED INTO AN OLD TRUCK ...

OKAY—I GOT HIM!

LAY 'EM UP FRONT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY ARE STARTLED TO SEE THE DRIVER SLIDE FROM HIS SEAT ...

PETE! WHAT'S HE DOING?

HOLY CATS—HE'S GOING OFF THE ROAD!

ONE HALF HOUR LATER, THE TRUCK AND THE THUGS' CAR ARE ROLLING OUT INTO THE COUNTRY ... PETE AND RAGSY BEGIN TO RETURN TO CONSCIOUSNESS ...

PETE! PETE! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

KNIFE'S MEN—  
—GOT US IN A TRUCK!  
WE'RE IN THE COUNTRY—!

THERE HE GOES!

NOW FOR THE CRASH!

GOODBYE, BOY!  
PLEASANT DREAMS!

A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE TRUCK PLUNGES OVER THE HIGH CLIFF TO DESTRUCTION, THE DRIVER LEAPS TO THE ROAD ...

RAGSY! GIMME THAT ROPE! QUICK!

PETE—  
WE'RE DONE FOR!



WITH SICKENING  
SPEED, THE TRUCK  
DROPS DOWNWARD.

STEP ASIDE,  
RAGSY! LET ME  
AT THOSE  
DOORS!

ONE FURIOUS KICK OPENS THE TRUCK'S  
REAR DOORS....

THERE!

PETE—  
HURRY—!

JUMP ONTO MY  
BACK! GRAB MY  
NECK!

DESPERATELY,  
PETE FLINGS THE  
ROPE TOWARD A CRAG—

—AND MIRACULOUSLY,  
HOOKS ONTO IT— JUST  
IN TIME, THE TWO ARE  
JERKED FROM THE TRUCK—

MADE  
IT!

WE'RE  
SAVED!

PETE! UP DERE!  
DEM GUYS IS  
SHOOTING!

WE'LL HAVE  
TO SHY DOWN  
THE CLIFF!

ON THE ROADWAY, THE THUGS HAVE WATCHED THIS  
PERFORMANCE WITH AMAZEMENT AND RAGE....

I CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT! DEY WAS  
GONERS!

KILL 'EM!  
KILL 'EM!

THEY'RE ESCAPING!

PANG!  
PANG!

PANG!

PETE AND RAGSY  
HURRIEDLY MAKE GOOD  
THEIR ESCAPE ....

HA-A! DA  
BUMS! WE GIVE  
'EM DA SLIP!

KEEP MOVING,  
KIDDO - ON  
THE RUN!

ONE HALF HOUR LATER, THEY ARE TRAVELLING BACK TO THE CITY...

NOW, OUR PROBLEM IS  
TO GET SOME MONEY! I-

YOU NOTHING, MISTER!  
I'LL GET DA DOUGH FOR  
DIS EXCURSION!

YOU'RE TOO GREEN FOR  
DIS BUM RACKET! ME, I KNOW  
A THOUSAND TRICKS! YOU WAIT  
IN DE PARK, AND I'LL GET DE  
BACON IN AN HOUR! AND  
NO LIP ABOUT IT, YOU!

IN THE CITY-

NOW LISTEN, YOU LITTLE WOLF! I  
DON'T WANT YOU STEALING ON MY  
ACCOUNT! HONESTY HAPPENS TO  
BE A -

GUT DA PREACHING,  
HAWKSHAW! I'M NO DIP-  
THIEF! I GET MY JACK  
LEGITIMATE! NOW PARK  
DA CARCASS! I'LL BE  
BACK SOON!

A FEW SECONDS LATER -

HEY-LADY! WHAT'S  
DA MATTER? CAN'T  
YA GET A CAB?

NO-!

I'LL GET YA ONE!



OKAY, MONKEY-PUSS-  
LADY WANTS A CAB -  
-CORNER OF SEVENTH!

THANK YOU-  
BOY!

T'ANK YOU,  
LADY!

TEN MINUTES LATER-

AHEM-



FIVE MINUTES AFTER THAT-

HUMPH-  
HUMPH-

AW-RIGHT!  
KEEP YOUR SHIRT  
ON! AGE BEFORE  
HACKIES!

TOOT!  
TOOT!

THANKS,  
BOY!

RIGHT!

-AND SO ON-

THANKS!

THANK  
YOU, BOY!

OKAY-  
LAD!

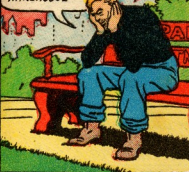
MUCH OBLIGED,  
KIDDO!

HERE  
Y'ARE-!



MEANWHILE, PETE WAITS IN THE PARK...

LITTLE DEVIL - SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM DO THIS - HOPE HE STAYS OUT OF TROUBLE .... LET'S SEE HOW CAN I GET THE GOODS ON THIS DIRK AND KNIFE? I WONDER IF - THE WAREHOUSE -



SOON, RAGSY COMES RUNNING BACK...

OKAY, PETE! I GOT IT! 28 BUCKS! NOW WE FIX YOU UP, AND GET RIPPING?

RAGSY-! WELL, I'LL BE -



WITHIN AN HOUR, PETE IS A NEW MAN...

LET'S HOP! FIRST, I WANT TO PAY A SECRET VISIT TO DR. KNIFE'S OLD WAREHOUSE! WE MAY FIND SOMETHING INTERESTING THERE!

OKAY, BOY- NOW DAT I DONT MIND BEING SEEN 'WID YA!



AND JUST ABOUT NOW, KNIFE'S THUGS ARE REPORTING THEIR FAILURE TO DO PETE AND RAGSY IN ....

CRIPES, BOSS - THEY WAS LIKE MONKEYS - POPPIN' OUTTA DAT TRUCK! WE -

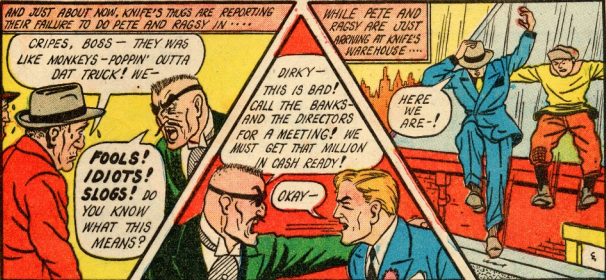
FOOLS! IDIOTS! SLOGS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?

DIRKY - THIS IS BAD! CALL THE BANKS - AND THE DIRECTORS FOR A MEETING! WE MUST GET THAT MILLION IN CASH READY!

OKAY -

WHILE PETE AND RAGSY ARE JUST ARRIVING AT KNIFE'S WAREHOUSE ...

HERE WE ARE -!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE LONE GUARD IS OVERPOWERED...

NICE- PETE!

WE'RE COMING IN, BROTHER!

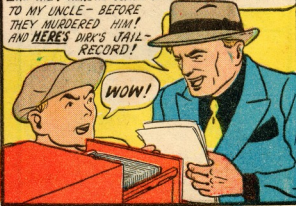
SOCK!



HURRIEDLY, PETE GOES THROUGH KNIFE'S PRIVATE FILES ...

RAGSY - WE'RE SET! HERE'RE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MY FACE WITH DIRK'S SUPERIMPOSED OVER IT - TO SHOW KNIFE HOW TO OPERATE - MAKE DIRK LOOK LIKE ME! HERE'RE COPIES OF THREATENING LETTERS TO MY UNCLE - BEFORE THEY MURDERED HIM! AND HERE'S DIRK'S JAIL-RECORD!

WOW!



AT THE OFFICE, DIRK AND KNIFE ARE CONVINCING THE DIRECTORS TO RELEASE ONE MILLION DOLLARS IN COLD CASH ....

WELL, MR STOCKBRIDGE, YOUR REASONS FOR WITHDRAWING THIS MONEY ARE VAGUE, BUT -

EXCEEDINGLY VAGUE!

YES.

AS MR STOCKBRIDGE'S CLOSEST ADVISER, GENTLEMEN, I ASSURE YOU HIS REASONS ARE GOOD!! MAY WE TAKE IT NOW?

PETE AND RAGSY ARE RACING TO THE OFFICE ....

WE'LL PICK UP SOME COPS ON THE WAY!

-AN SHON 'EM DIS EVIDENCE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY BURST INTO THE MEETING ....

HOLD EVERYTHING, GENTLEMEN! THAT MAN IS AN IMPOSTER, AND I HAVE ALL THE EVIDENCE TO PROVE IT! I AM PETER STOCKBRIDGE!

DA'S RIGHT, GRAYBEARDS!

WHAT-?

WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF CAGED BEASTS, KNIFE AND DIRK ACT! OVER GOES THE TABLE - KNIFE GRABS THE MONEY, LEAPS FOR A BACK DOOR ....

HEY!

STOP THEM!

OUCH!

C'MON DIRKY!

CRASH!

PANG!

PING!

WITHIN TWO SECONDS, THE TWO ARE FLEEING MADLY DOWN THE REAR STAIRS

I GOT THE DOUGH!

PANG!

PANG!

FOLLOW ME! I KNOW A SECRET WAY OUT OF THE BUILDING!

LIKE A SHOT, PETE TAKES AFTER THEM - FOLLOWED BY RAGSY!

RA-AY! WE GOT 'EM ON DA RUN!

YEAH - WITH A MILLION DOLLARS OF OUR MONEY!

WELL, THAT'S ALL FOR NOW... WILL KNIFE AND DIRK BE CAUGHT NEXT MONTH? WILL TELL THE TALE! AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW RAGSY TAKES TO SUDDEN WEALTH! ITS A RIOT! in NEXT MONTH'S **TARGET!**





# BELL

# Edison



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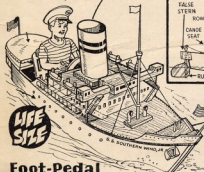
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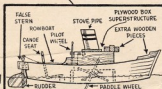
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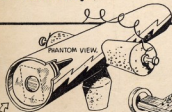


Complete PLANS!

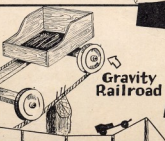
**Make These Yourself!**



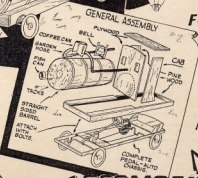
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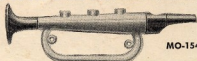
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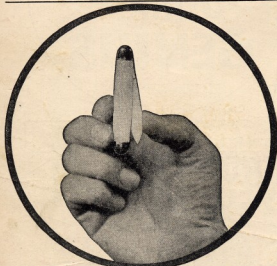
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**BUGLE BOY  
PLAYS BUGLE CALLS JUST LIKE A REAL BUGLE**



MO-154

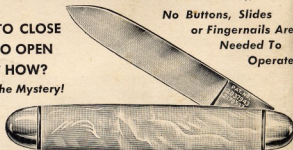
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BUT HOW?  
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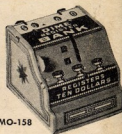
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